

SONGS

Lancaster County Historical
Society MS, ca. 1794.

LANCASTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

230 NORTH PRESIDENT AVENUE
LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA 17603



May 17, 1972.

Mr. Irving Lowens, Music Critic,
The Evening Star-The Sunday Star,
Washington, D. C. 20003.

Dear Sir:

In searching through my file on Music Correspondence I ran across your letter of July 8, 1970, in reference to our catalog card on Songs 780-1794. Since I was doing research on another Music query, I again searched for the Music Manuscript book, and found it. It may not now have any interest to you but I have made copies from it. It had no title page but began with the index of the contents. It was mostly the word to songs written out in long-hand, but there are a few with the music. I have made copies of two pages as well as the index, and a page of the words.

I was very happy to find this book and appreciate your comments about music books.

Sincerely,

Laura G. Lundgren
(Mrs. Charles W. Lundgren.)

The Evening Star - The Sunday Star

Washington, D. C. 20003
Lincoln 3-5000

5 July 1972

Mrs. Charles W. Lundgren
Lancaster County Historical Society
230 North President Avenue
Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17603

Dear Mrs. Lundgren:

Many thanks for your kind letter of 17 May in regard to the music manuscript book in your collections, and for your courtesy in sending me copies of the index and sample pages.

This book is of considerable historical interest, and I would very much like to obtain a xerox copy of the complete item, or a microfilm copy if that is simpler. Could you please advise me of the cost, and whether this can be done?

Very truly yours,

Irving Lowens
Music Critic

C O P Y

230 NORTH PRESIDENT AVENUE

LANCASTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA 17603

July 21 ,1972.

Mr. Irving Lowens,
503 Heron House,
Reston, Virginia 22070.

131 Copies of Song Manuscript
song book @ 20 per copy \$26.20.

Enclosed is a copy of the Shelf Card,
which tells all I know about the book.

Charles Smith was the son-in-law of Judge
Jasper Yeates.

#1992
7/28/72

SONGS

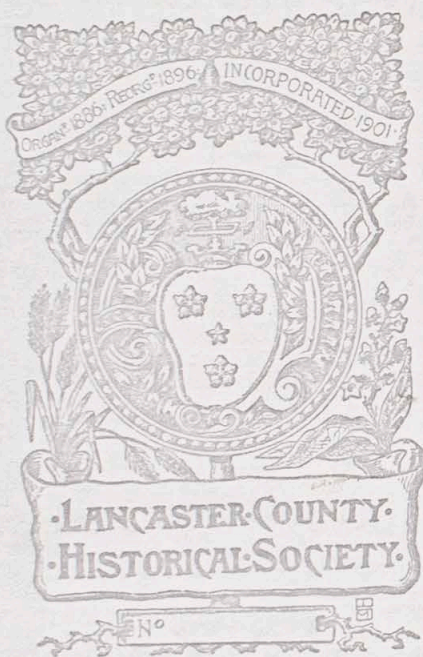
780 A manuscript song book, not earlier than 1794 and
1794 not much later. Popular songs in English and
German, some with music.

274p 17½cm

Partial contents:

Prince Eugenius - Let grave divines - Bright
Phoebus - Ein preussischer Husar - Amo, amas,
I love a lass - Tantivy hark forward, Huzza -
Four and twenty fiddlers - Belisario - A rose
tree in full bloom - Anacreon in heaven -
Hail, godlike Washington - How far a young
fellow's assurance would go - The Indian chief -
New Song composed by Chas. Smith Esqr. for the
Fourth of July, 94.

780 =
1794



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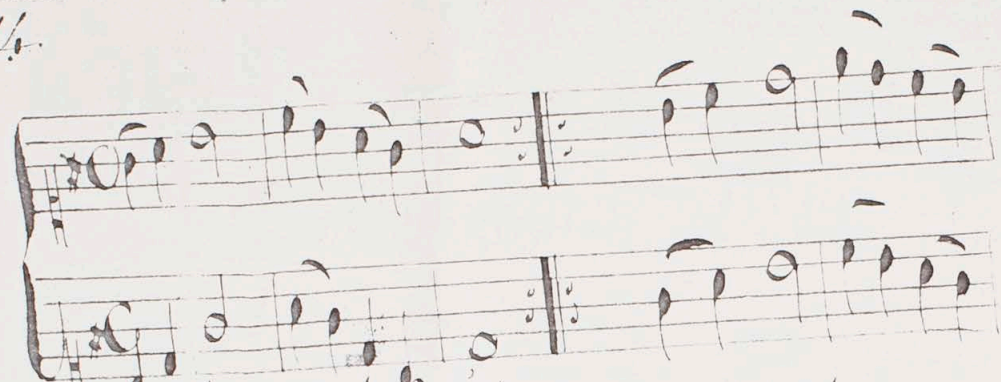
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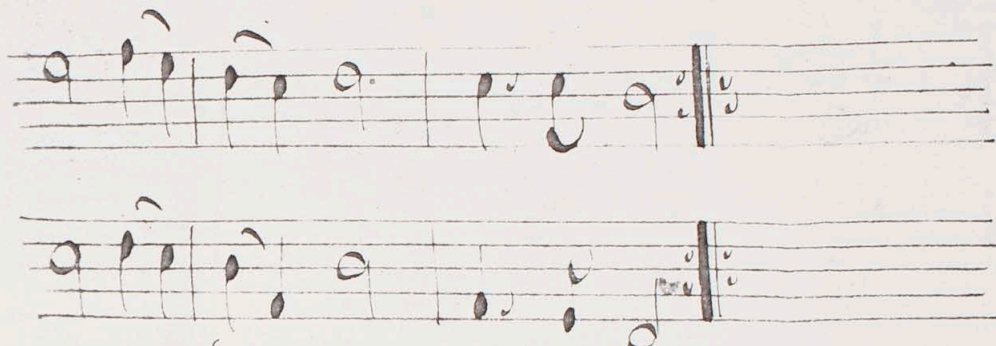
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1. O! Flüchtige Zeit! Was lebet auf
Verflühende Zeit

Das grünernde laub	}	Was lebet auf...
2. Muß werden zu staub.		
Der kaiser muß ein	}	Die kron und das
3. All könig darnen		
Wo ist Salomon!	}	Wie auch Alex.
4. Der schöne Absalon!		
Es ward diesem Held	}	Der Tod hat ihm
5. Du eng schier die welt.		
Wo ist alsobald!	}	Wie auch deine
6. Simpson d'ungewalt		
O! Projes dein Zeit.	}	Jetzt liegst du in
7. Hat trefflich florirt		
Mensch nim wohl in acht	}	Mercks wohl
8. Meid wohlust u. Pracht		



Erden, kein Platz findet heut.

Erden, dem Tod wird zum Raub.

Szepter dem Tod übergeben

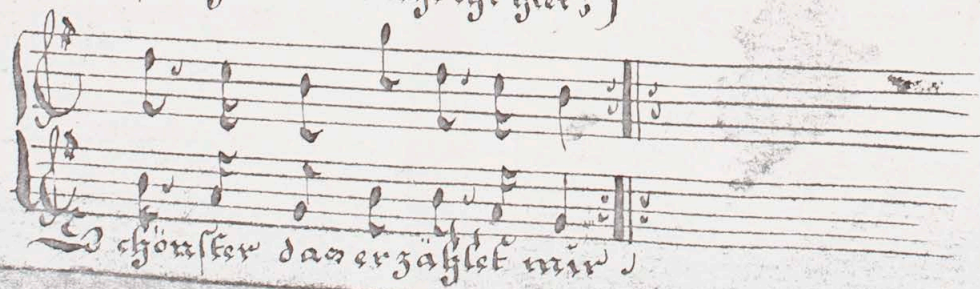
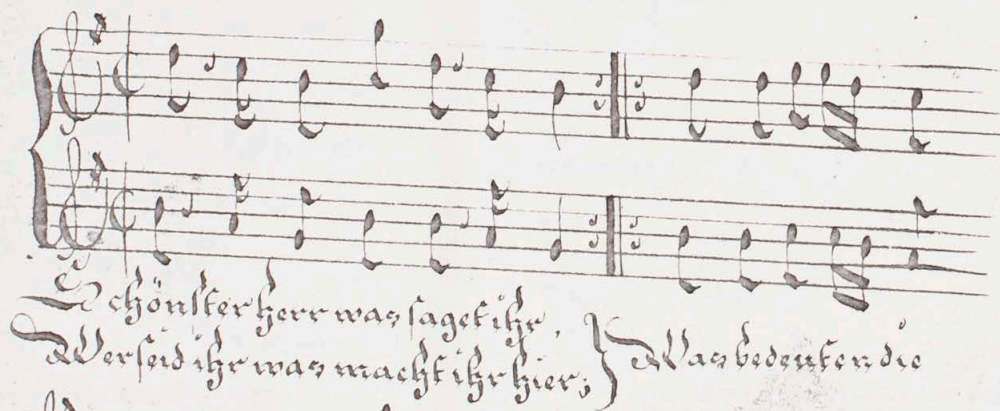
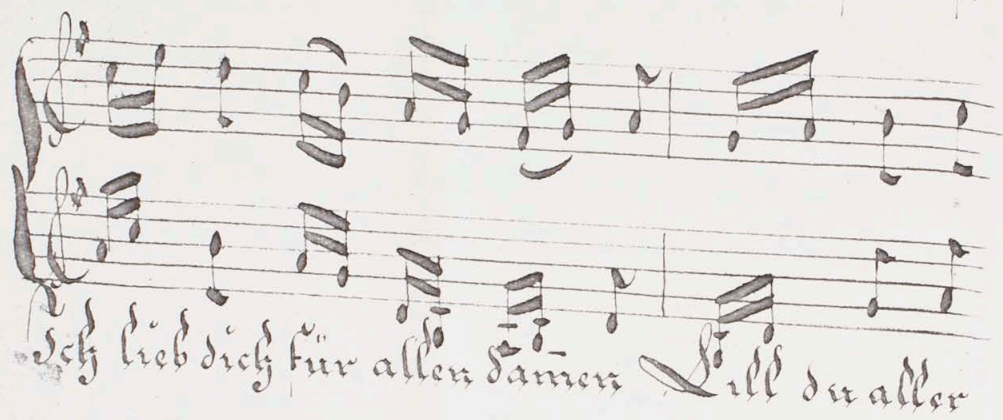
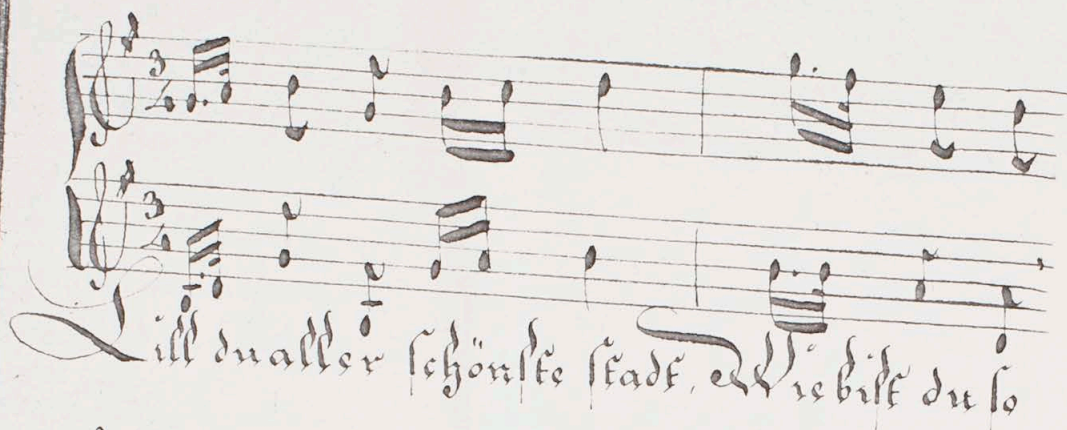
ander vom griechischen Thron

doch abgenommen das Feld

Kräfte und leibes gestalt

Asche vom feuer verzehrt

Staub u. Asche der welt gib gute Nacht



Then, I am he not Icalais, Of the honest Fellow
Ay d I am, ^{we} retent, since the truth you now ^{shall} us,
And swear by old Styx, that they love shall intertwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine. —

6.
To Song of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;
Preserve unanimity, friendship, Love;
Be young to support what's so happily plan'd;
You're the sanction of God & the fiat of Love.
While thus we agree, our boast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united & free.
And long may the Song of Anacreon intertwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

1. Hail godlike Washington!
Hail Freedom's Chosen Son,
Born to command;
While this great globe shall roll,
O thy deeds from pole to pole,
Shall shake Columbus' soul
With virtuous praise

Chorus.

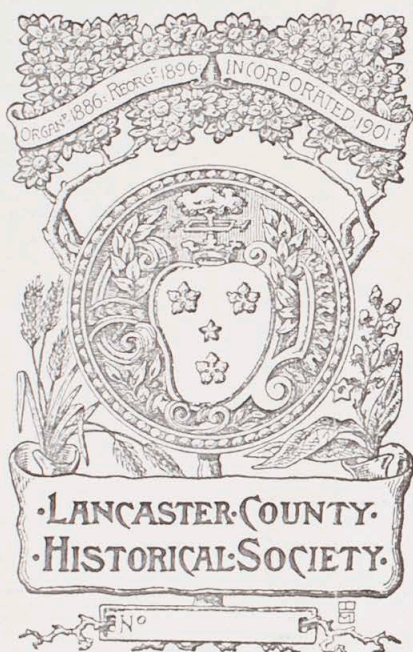
143.
Millions unborn to save
Freedom to war he gave,
Liberty's Child
Sacrificed of War,
Seated in Victory's car,
Fame hail him from afar,
Virginia's boast. —

2.
Showers of bliss adorn
The bright auspicious morn,
Breathing delight
Let the loud canon roar,
Joyful from shore to shore,
Shoebus did ne'er explore
So happy a day

Chorus. Millions

3.
When Freedom's Atmosphere,
Clouded with gloomy Care
Washington occid'd;
He with heroic pride,
Stem'd the Oppressing tide,
And made the World deride
Bringing disgrace
Chor. Millions

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1.
 Little thinks the Townsmans Wife
 While at home she taveries
 What must be the Lasses Life
 Who a Soldier Marries
 Now with weary Marching spent
 Dancing now before the Tent,
 Lira, Lira, La, Lira, Lira, La
 With her jolly Soldier.

2.
 In the Camp at night she lies
 Wind and Weather scorning
 Only grieved her love must rise
 And quit her in the Morning.
 But the doubtful Skirmish done
 Blithe she sings at Jet of Sun,
 Lira, Lira, La, La

3.
 Should the Captain of her Dear
 Use his vain endeavours
 Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear
 Two fond hearts to sever.
 At his Passion she will scoff
 Laughing thus shall put him off
 Lira, Lira, La, Lira, Lira, La
 For her jolly Soldier.

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Re Sales so lovely 14.8.

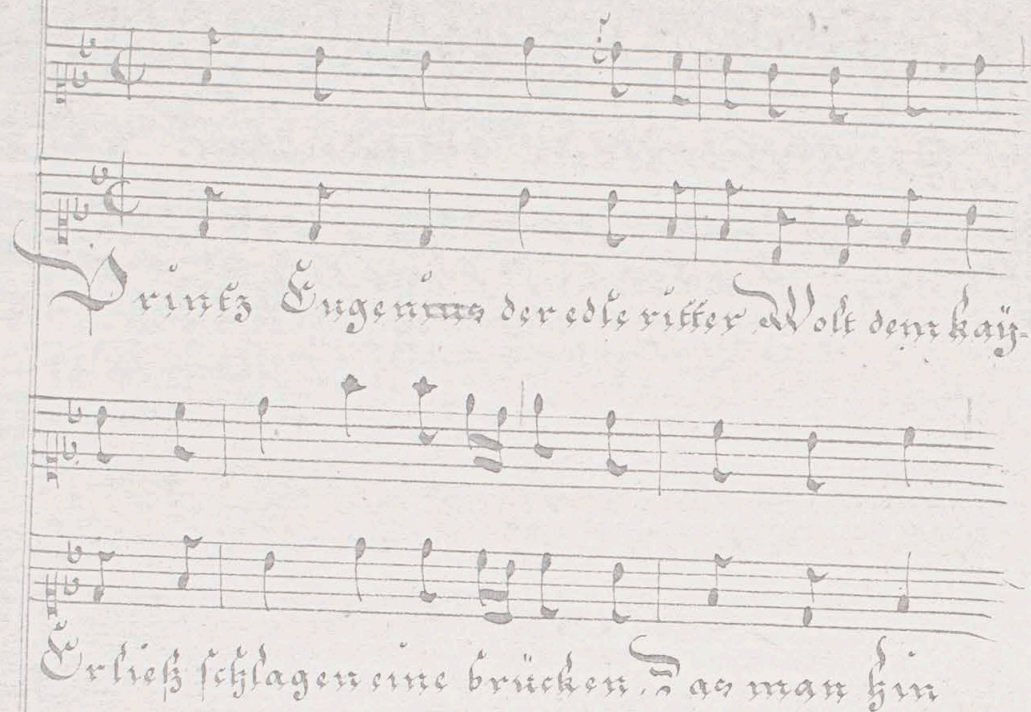
4. ^{1.}
 No more I'll court the town-bred fair,
 Who shines in Artificial Beauty;
 Her native charms without compare
 Claim all my love, respect & duty.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, Sweet Blossom
 Whay I a King, so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful Lover's Bosom.
^{2.}
 Yet ask me when thou Beauties see
 I cannot say in smile or dimple
 In blooming cheek, or radiant eye,
 'Lie happy nature wild & simple;
 O my bonny Bc.
^{3.}
 Let dainty Beauties for Ladies fine
 And sigh in numbers & trifles common;
 Ye Gods! the darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely Woman.
 O my bonny Bc.

^{4.}
 Come dearest girl, the rose bowl
 Like thy bright eye, with pleasure,
 My heart want thou so take my soul;
 With capture every sense entrancing.
 O my bonny Bc.

5.
 A smile from the Girl of my heart.
 In the world's crooked path where I've been,
 There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
 The bright sunshine that lighted the scene,
 Was - a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a Jewain, when the Lark quits her Nest,
 But to labour with glee will depart
 If at eve he expects to be blest
 With - a smile from the girl of his heart.

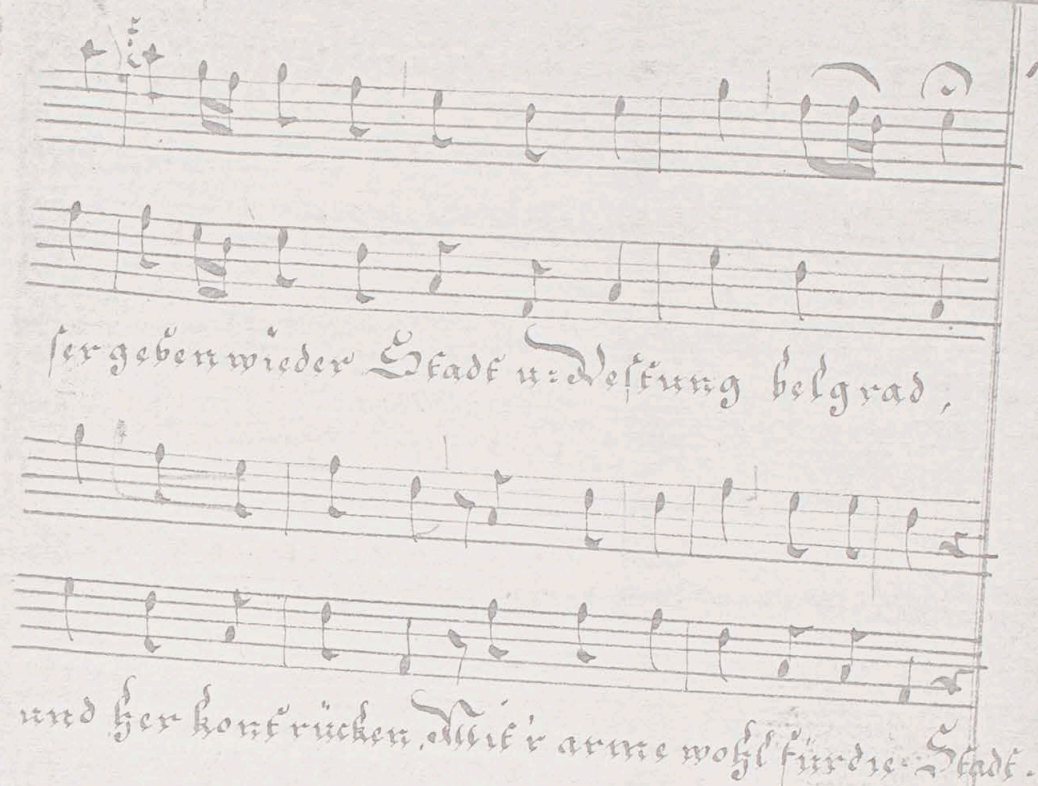
Come then crosses, & cares as they may,
 Let my mind still this maxim impart
 That the comfort of many fleeting days,
 Is - a smile from the girl of his heart.



Prinz Eugenius der edle Ritter Volt dem Kay.
 Er ließ schlagen eine brücken Das man hin

2. Als die brücken ward geschlagen,
 Daß man kont mit Ross und Wagen
 Passiren über den Donaufluß
 Bey belgrad war's lager geschlagen
 Alle brücken zu verjagen
 Ihn 'n zum hohn und zum verdruß.

3. Prince Eugenius thut gehen
 Stadt und Festung zu beschen
 Wie er sie wollt bombardiren



ser geben wieder Stadt und Festung belgrad,
 und her kont rücken Mit'r arme wohl für die Stadt.

Als er dieses hat gesehen
 Wie das lager sollte stehen
 Thät er sich zurück begeben
 4. Den 15.^{ten} Augustus eben
 Ein Spion kam an bey'm regens
 Schwach u: zeigts dem Prinzen an
 Das die brücken fußraschiren
 So viel als man kont verführen
 Wohl bey 40.000 Man.

5. Prinz Eugenius das vernommen
 Ließ er bald zusammen kommen
 Sein Generalen allzumahl,
 Er thät sie gleich commandiren
 Wie man soll die truppen führen
 Und den feind recht greiffen an.

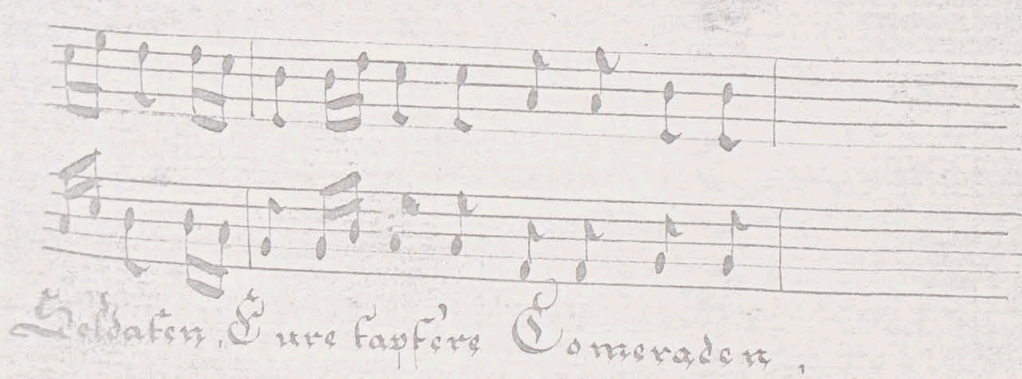
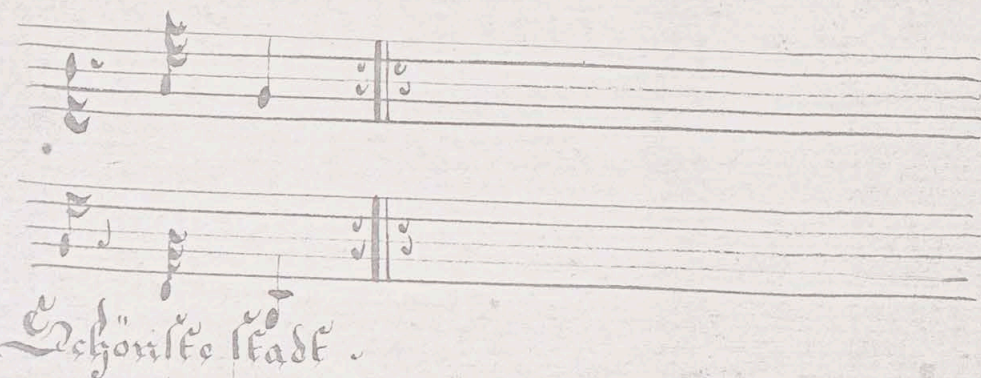
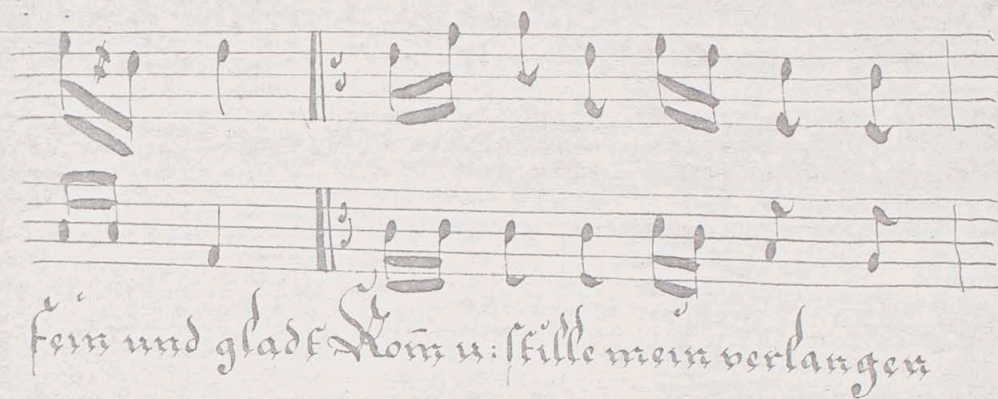
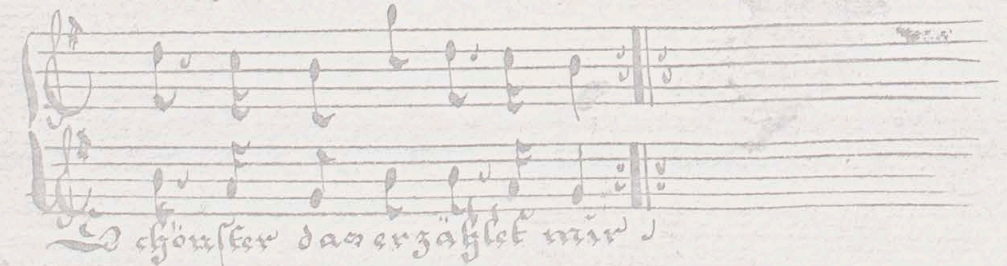
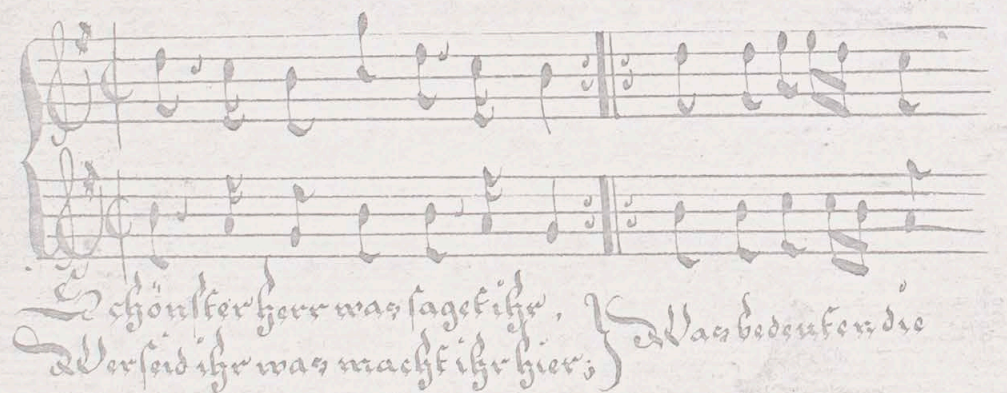
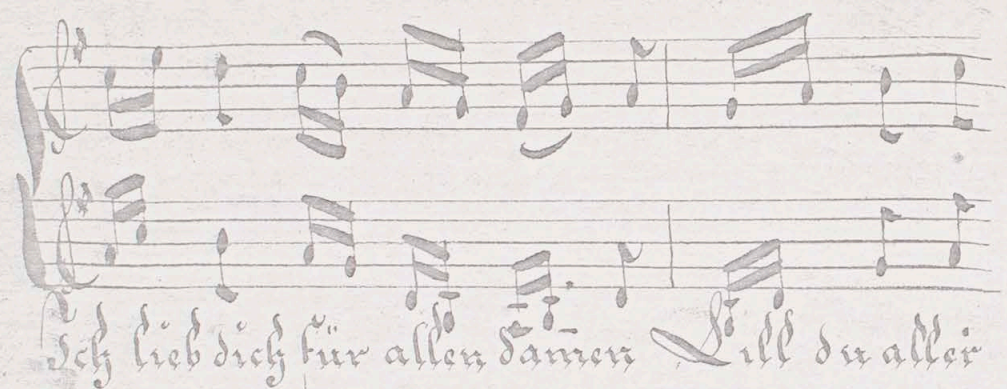
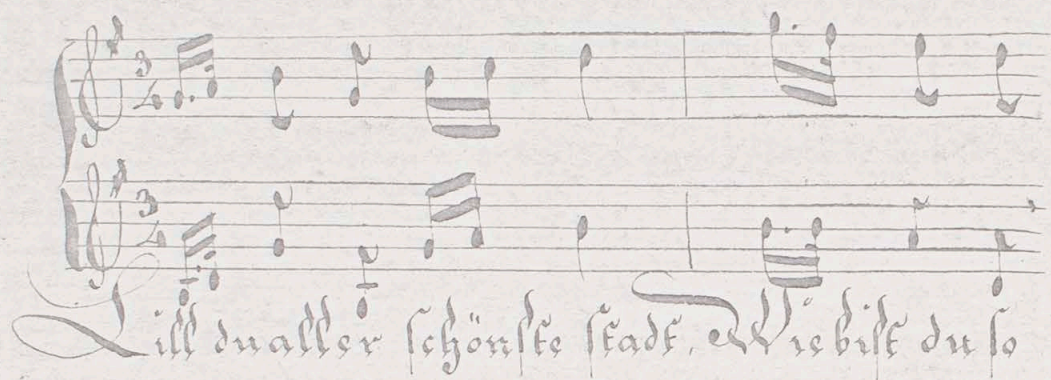
6. Bey der Armee das war befohlen,
 Das man soll die zwölfte zehlen
 Bey der Uhr um mitternacht
 Da soll alles gleich aufsitzen
 Mit dem feind zu scharmaniren
 Was zum streite hat nur krafft

7. Das saß alles gleich zu Pferde
 Jeder harr mit seinem gewehre
 Keimlich rückte man aus der Schantz
 Infanterie wie auch die Reiter
 Mustern alle tapffer streiten
 Ist fürwahr ein schöner tantz.

8. Prinz Eugenius an der rechten,
 Thät als wie ein löwe fecten,
 Als ein großer General;
 Prinz Ludwig rit auf und nieder,
 Hält euch frisch ihr deutschen brüder,
 Greift den feind recht heutzhaft an.

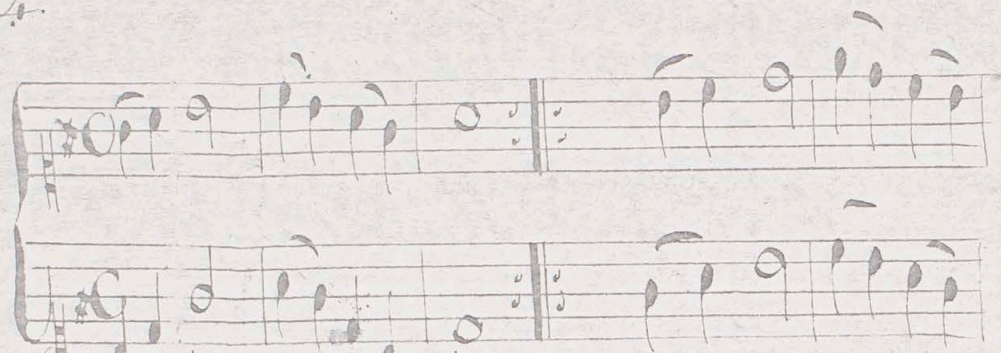
9. Prinz Ludwig der must aufgeben
 Seinen geist und junges leben
 Ward getroffen mit dem bley
 Prinz Eugenius ward betrübet
 Weil er ihn so sehr oeliebet
 Ließ ihn führen nach Peterwarden

10. Die Constabler auf der Schanzen
 Spillen auf zu diesem tantz
 Mit halb Carthagen n. groß stücke klein
 Mit dem großen mit dem kleinen,
 Auf die türcken auf die Heyden,
 Das sie flohen all davon. Finis.



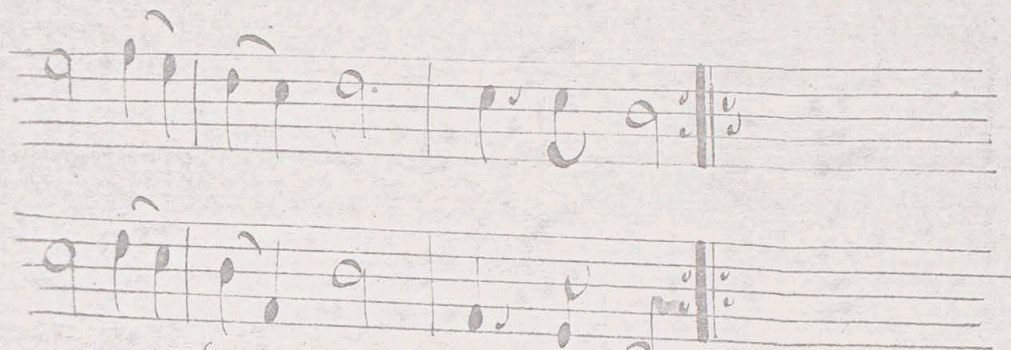
3. Ich bin der Savoyen Held,
Der ~~am~~ Bekandt in aller Welt,
Prinz Eugenius bin ich genant,
Der von deiner liebe Prent;
Gegen dir heitz liebste mein.
4. Meint ihr dan das mein Fortun
Mir nicht bald zu hülfe köm
Meiner wercker Postelioner
Giteroners, halbe monden
Verlachen u. verspotten euch
5. Schönste las es sagen dir
Mein gestück u. mein marder
Meine Dornen und Granaden
Sollen seyn wie Musquaten
Auch präsentieren will
6. Halt dein Maul und schweige still
Hör was ich dir sagen will
Gib ich nicht in Ungarn lande
Es viel Würcken gemacht zu schanden,
Hundert Vaisent, noch viel mehr
7. Schönster Herr das weis ich wohl,
Das ihr dagnahls ward so toll.
Aber ihr habt nichts zu schaffen,
Nichts mehr mit den Türkischen waffen;
Sondern mit Stranzosen blut.

8. Lill mein Engel u. mein Sam
Ich weis du ein Bräutigam
Carolus der welt bekandte
Ich bin nur sein Abgesander
Und das Kayzers General.
9. Schönster Herr fort packet euch
Geht nur hin ins deutsche reich
Man ich habe zum galanten
Zum gemahl u. Garasanten
Prinz Ludwig von Franckenreich
10. Schönste nicht so stolz u. zuck
Weis mich nicht vnder hinweg
Las erschrecken meine Waffern
Der fors will ich bey dir schlaffen
Du magst sagen was du wilt
11. Nun ihr Constabler Jusep daran
Steuret wer da feuren kan
Sprecht aus blitz feur u. flammen
Spielt auf die Lill'sche damen
Dombadit. das losse weib.
12. Nun wohlant so sollt es seyn
Carolus der liebste mein
Weil Prinz Ludwig ist verattet
In der liebe ganz erkaltet
Carolus der liebste mein.



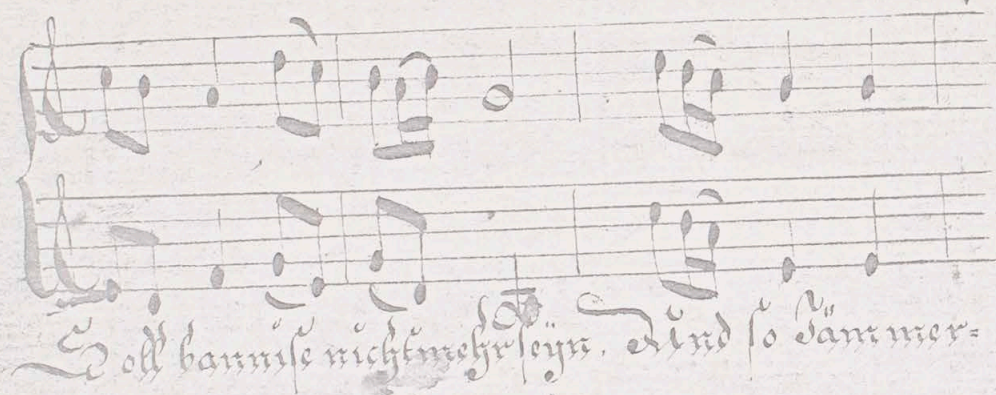
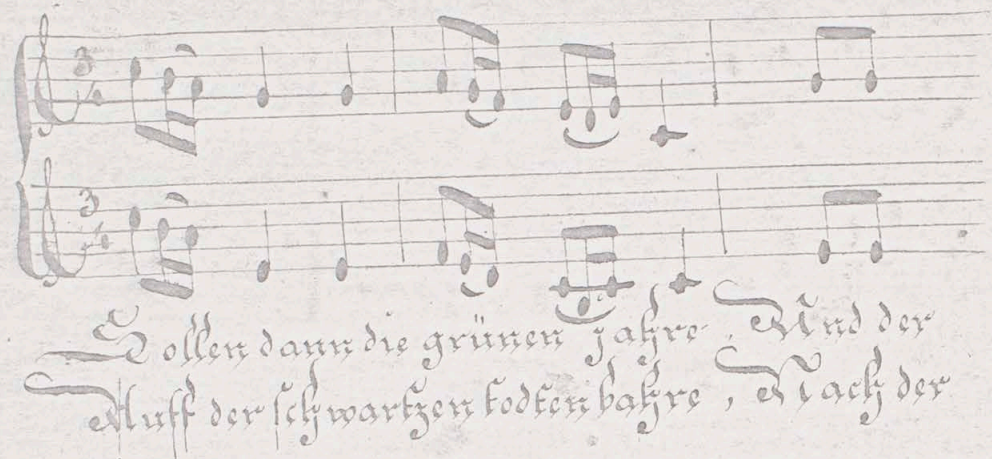
1. O! Glückliche Zeit! } Was lebet auf
 Überfließende Freid }

Das grünernde laub }
 2. Muß werden zu staub. } Was lebet auf...
 Der kaiser muß ebn }
 3. All könig darnen } Die kron und das
 Wo ist Salomon? } Wie auch Alex.
 4. Der schöne Absalon! } Der Tod hat ihm
 Es ward diesem Held }
 5. Du eng schier die welt, } Wie auch deine
 Wo ist alsobald! } Jetzt liegst du in
 6. Simpson dein gewalt } Merks wohl
 O! Troje dein fiert. }
 7. Was trefflich florirt }
 Mensch nim wohl in acht }
 8. Meid wohlust u. pracht }

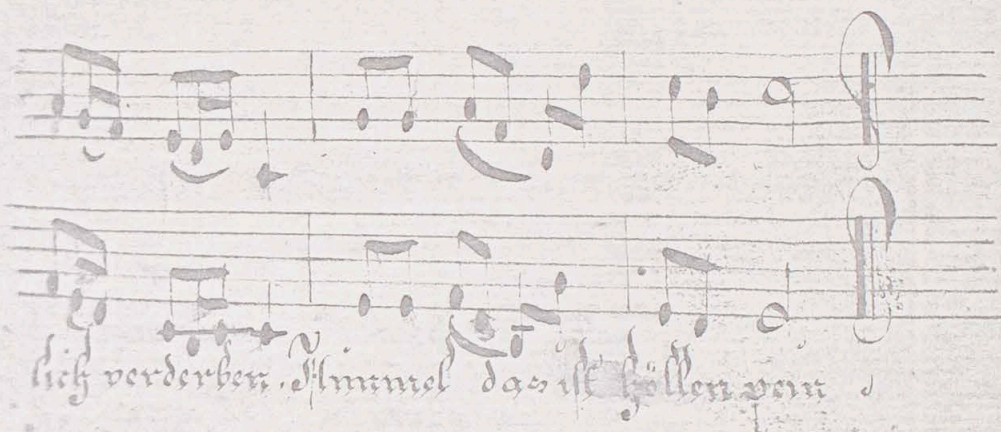
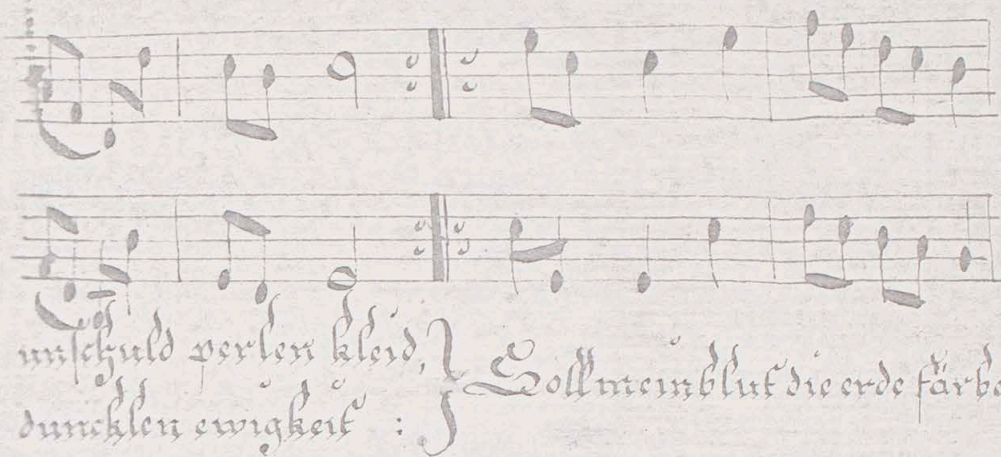


Erden, kein Platz findet heut.

Erden, dem Tod wird zum Raub.
 Scepter dem Tod übergeben
 ander vom griechischen Thron
 doch abgenommen das Feld
 kräfte und liebes gestalt
 Asche vom feuer verzehrt
 Staub u. Asche der welt gib gute nacht



2. Doch mein Jugend heißt mich hoffen,
 Weil die volle rosen stehn,
 Doch mein Fuß betritt die steiffen,
 Welche nach dem grabe gehn;
 Gold und Krone soll ich erben,
 Und ein Kind der Götter seyn;
 Aber jetzt und muß ich sterben,
 Und betreten grufts und Steir.



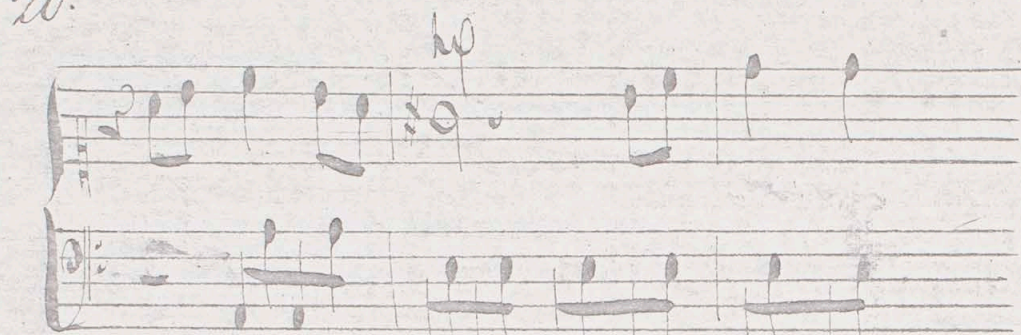
3. Statt verhoffte liebes blicke,
 Küßet mich der blasse Tod,
 Und der jugend bestes glücke
 Ist nur jammer angst u. Noth;
 Stern und Himmel ruft vergebens,
 Suchet Klammern in dem schnee
 Weil die sonne meines lebens,
 Sencket in den Todten See.

4. Aber doch das Licht der Jugend
Scheinet auch durch Tod und Nacht.
Es ist Schönheit stand und Jugend.
Das den Tod nur bitter macht.
Dieses sind nur eitle sternen
Und ein glantz der Eitelkeit
Streu und schälen ohne kern
Welche schwinden mit der zeit.

5. Jugend kann den Tod versüßen
Jugend zuckert gallen an.
Weil wir alle sterben müssen
Will ich nicht der letzte seyn
Es wird meine keine Seele
Reisen durch die Sterblichkeit
Und entgehn der grabes höhle
Zur gestirnten Ewigkeit.

6. Doch mein Prinz wird sich betrüben
Weil mein fall die liebe stöhret
Doch ein keusch gesintes Lieben
Wird durch keinen todt verstöhret
Ihre Farbe wurzel dringet
Auch bis in die alte greiffet
Wenn sich Leib und Seele schwinget
In die blau gewolckte Luft.

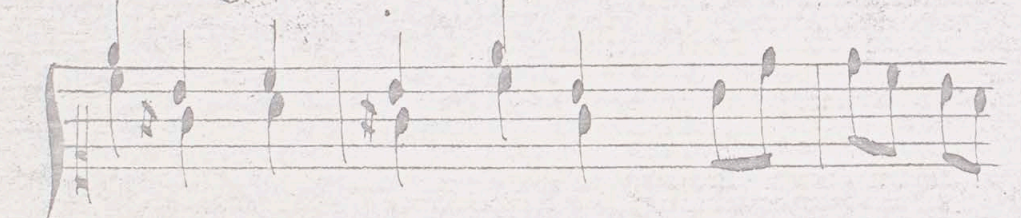
7. Nun die Zeit befiehlt zuscheiden
Und mein stunden glasz zerbricht
Ich soll dolch und Messer leiden
Mir vergehet das gesicht
Dieses ist die letzte Stunden:
So vergehet der Jugend Kraft
Wort und silben schribt im munde
Welt und Prinz zur guben Nacht.



Verhängnis! ach! Wann wird mein



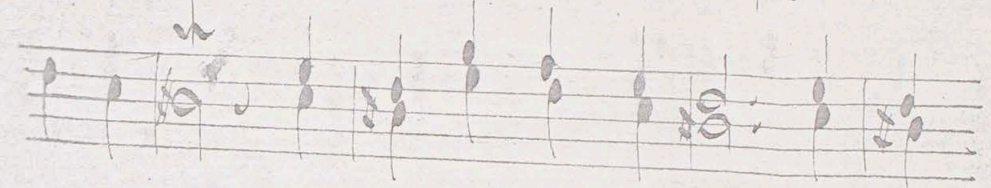
Wie lange soll es dauern geschehen, Das ich ver-



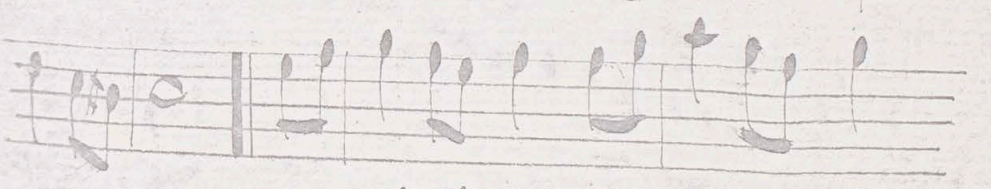
ich rath, Wo findt ich trost. Bist du dan



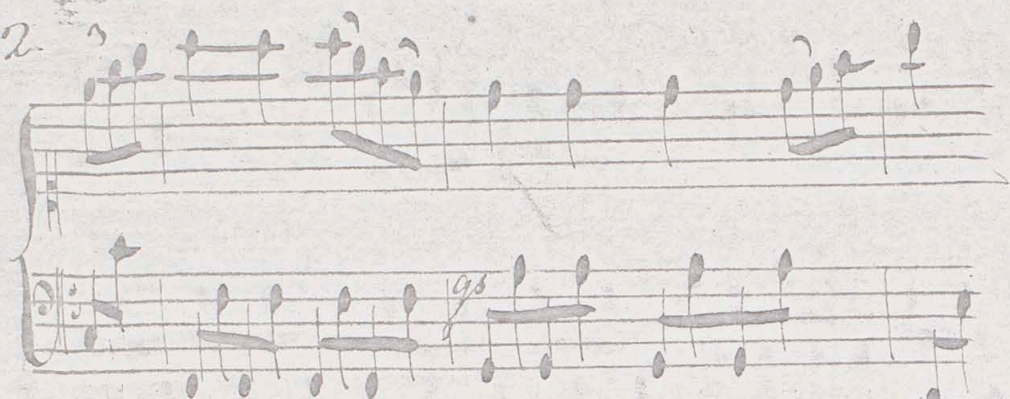
ungemach, Einmahl das ende wieder sehr.



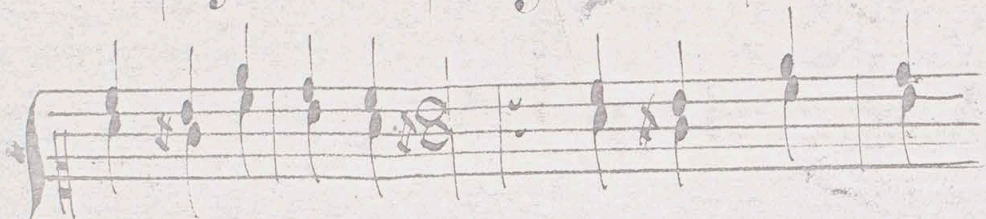
lassen bin, Wo fällt der kummer hin, Wo findt



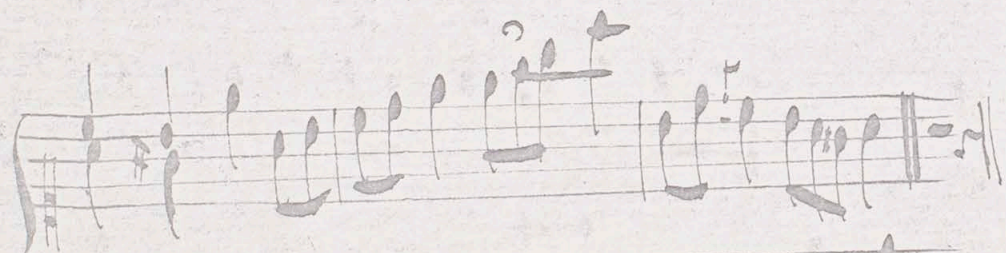
so erholt. Der sonnenlauf geht keinmahl auf.



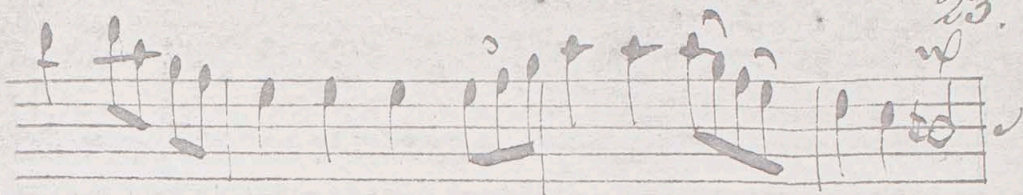
Nur folgt ein neues Unglück drauf, Und kömmt



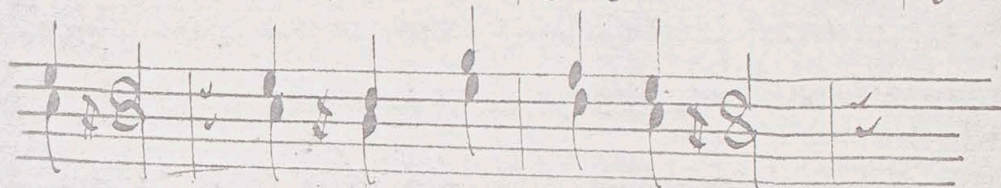
Als and're lustig seyn, Sonst recht sich mei-



Nur deine Raserey vor meinem Kopf vorbey.



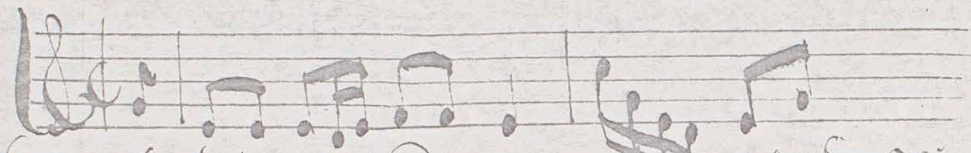
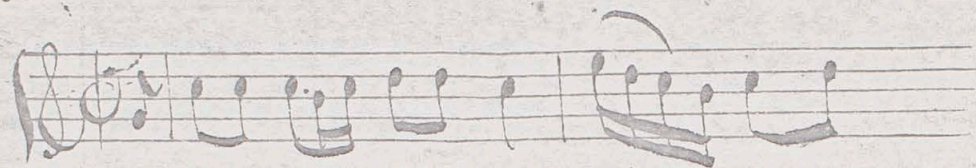
der aberd dan herein, So seh ich nur conycken seyn.



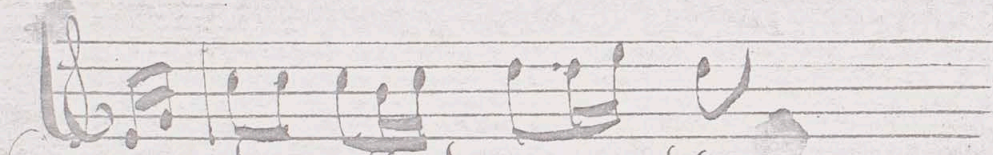
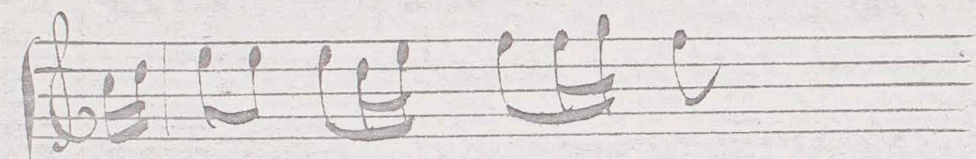
ne quaal, Doch wan geht doch einmahl.

2. Du schweigst darzu
 Und schenckst zu meinem Ruh
 Nimm nicht einmahl den hoffnungs blick,
 Ich denke, denckes doch zurück
 Was hab ich dir gethan
 Schau meinen Jammer an
 Und lind're dan der geist wird schwach
 Mein täglich ungemach:
 Stein Fels und Stahl zerbricht einmahl
 Der wetter Sturm der Jahre zahl
 Erweicht dan deine grausamkeit
 Nicht einst durch dauernacht u. zeit
 Mein immerwährend leid
 Hast du dan ewiglich
 Beschlossen über mich
 Mit aller Wuth u. Pein
 So gar ergrimt zu seyn. —

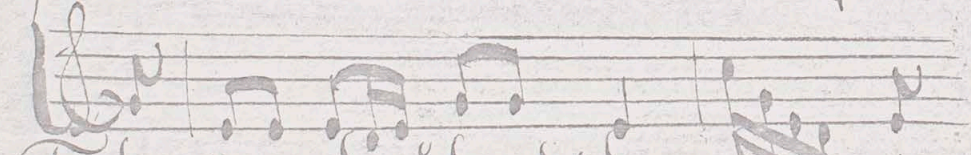
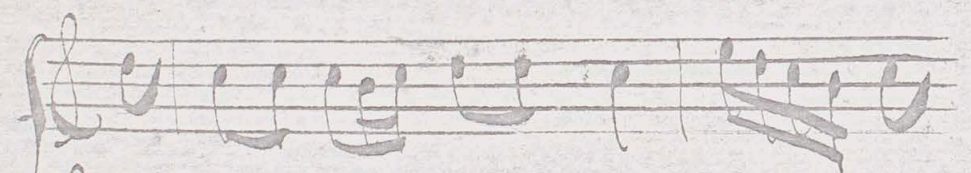
3. Wohlan ich bin
 Mit ganz gelassnem Sinn
 Such fern zu sehn zu jeder Zeit
 Auf allen unglücks fall bereit
 Und nem geruhig an
 Was ich nicht ändern kan
 Vielleicht erbarmet sich der Gode
 Und endet meine Noth:
 Der gluth u. Fluth, bey storm u. wuth
 Ich halt ich den gefassten muth
 Bis demahleins die letzte nacht
 Durch das erwünschte wort volbracht
 Den feuer abend macht
 Setzt meines lebens lauff
 Den dits zum grabmahl auf
 Wer hier die erde kaut
 Hat noth darauf gebaut.



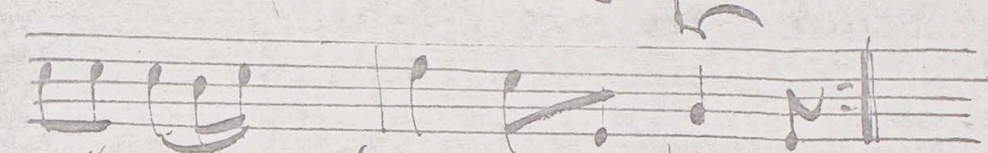
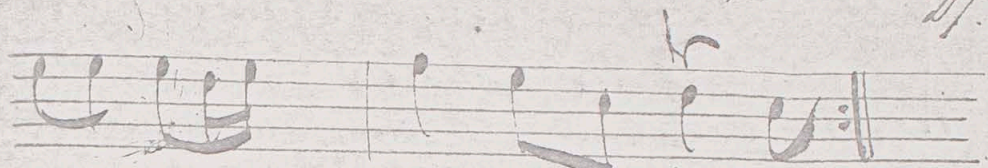
Der heil'ge vater Benedict, Benedict
 Der hat ein Stück mit flachs gesaet, 2/2 Für



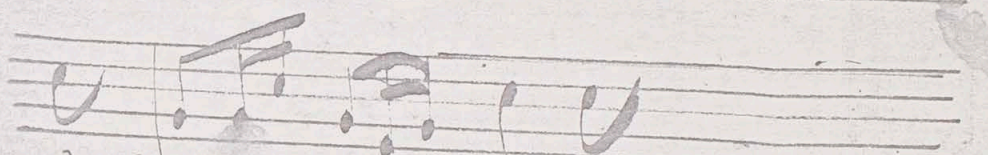
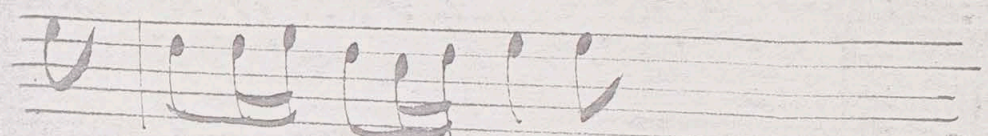
Sind als der flachs gewachsen war,



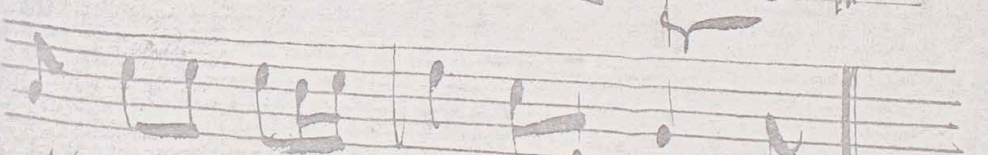
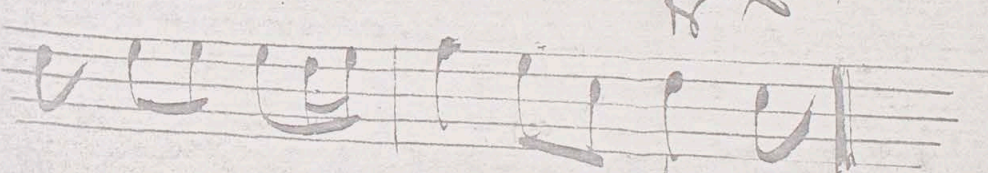
Theresia nahm ihn gleich zur hand 2/2



seinen schwarz braun augen, ja augen
 Stadt u. kloster frauen ja frauen }



Sehr gut war er zu spinnen



Was damit zugenunnen, gewinnen

28.
2. Das garn das die Theresia span, das sie sp.
Das haspelt die Maria
Der Graff nahm sich des spulens an
Gab sich dabey viel Mühe,
August lag auf dem Canape
Und ass da Pfeffer Nüsse
Ihm thäten alle Glieder weh
Weil er aus Sachsen müste,

3. Den Röm'schen Staden, zettelt Frank
Liss einen Reichstag halten
Soll Friederich ergehen gantz
Wie Bayers Fürst dem Alten
Er soll sein in die Acht erklart
Friedrich der Preussen König
Als Friederich das ding gehört
Lacht er nicht nur ein wenig,

6. Die alte Liesel die noch lebt
Thut sich in stuhl neen setzen
Sie hat ein Stückgen ausgewebt
Kron Preussen zu verketten

29.
4. Gantz fix u. fertig war der Fritz
Als er den Anschlag hörte
In Sachsen war er wig ein Brite
In Böhmen er ein Kehrte
Er macht alda Diversion
Kanonen liess er knallen
Theresia den spinners Lohn
Mit Feuer und schwerd zu zahlen.
5. Der Prinz u. Marschall von Soubise
Wird noch daran gedencken
Was Friederich vor einem spies
Bey Rossbach ihm thätchencken
Gestreuet war die Reichs Armee
Die Schweden kriegten köpffe
Den Russen thut der Bauch noch weh
Von schwarten toden köpffe.

Friederich der Mann der wunder that
So dappfer hat gestritten
Hat über das geweb gelacht
Das Aug vom stuhl geschnitten

1. Ist mein Klüppgen eng und tief
 Ist mir's wohl beschieden
 Tisch u. Stuhl u. Bett hinein
 Dann bin ich zufrieden
 Also schär ich mich nichts drum
 Tasse an und Stosse um
 Chor: Bald mein Mädchen bald mein Glas
 Bald mein Glas mein Mädchen

2. Mancher ist ein Advocat
 Schreibt einen Bogen
 Hat den Amtman u. den Rath
 Ofters schon betrogen
 Darüber mach ich ein Creutz
 Und erwähl beiderseits,
 Chor: Bald &c. —

3. Mancher Lernt das Studium
 Schwächt des Leibes Gräften
 Steibt im Alter dennoch Dum
 Müßig in Geschäften
 Darüber mache ich ein Creutz
 U. erwähl beiderseits
 Chor: Bald &c. —

4. Hundert tausend bodts gefahr
 Auf der See u. Orden,
 In der andren Welt sogar
 Sucht man reich zu werden
 Darum schär ich mich nichts drum
 Tasse an u. stosse um
 Chor: Bald &c. —

1. Edles Jagen darff man sagen
 Wie ein daffrer Jäger
 In den wäldern, in den feldern
 Wo Diana Rast.
 Seinen Muth zu ergötzen
 Dar nach frischer Beute tracht
 Unter denen grünen Raasen
 thut sein lustig Hörnlein blasen
 Des Jägers seine Lust, des Jägers Lust.

2. Was hör ich können, und da hören
 Einen wilden bären
 Der da rauchet grunnd schnauft
 Totes meine Lust.
 Wan ich ihn erblicke, sey ihm
 das bewust,
 Das er muß zu boden fallen
 Und mit seinem schweiß bezahlen
 Des Jägers seine Lust &c. &c.

3. Hab gejaget, mich geplaget
 Setze mich in Schatten
 Habe wieder meine glieder
 In dem grünen Wäld
 Wo die Vöglein lustig
 O Frölig singen zu
 Unter denen grünen bäumen
 Amor läst was lieblich träumen
 Des Jägers seine Lust &c. &c.

4. Ich verheire, und begehre
 Bey dir O! Diana
 Der mein Leben, aufzugeben
 In dem grünen wald
 Werde nicht ablassen
 Von dir O Diana mein
 Bis mein Leib zu staub: erden
 Wird von dir vergehret werden.
 Des Jägers seine Lust &c. &c.
 O Finis.

34. O! himmel was hör ich,
Die schönste verlier ich,
Mit Schmerzen beklagt,
Muß sie meiden, und es leiden,
Von ein solcher abzuscheiden,
Die schon längst in meinem
hertz ihre wohnung hat gemacht.

2. Wie soll dieses zugehen
Ich muß es gestehen
Bedauert mein hertz
Viele sind so verliebet
Sind doch nicht so betrübt
Dieses Unglück hat
getroffen mein hertz allein.

35.
3. So sey es dan fürs allen,
Ins Unglück gefallen,
Durch Mitter u. Pein,
In den grünenden Wäldern,
In den einsamsten Feldern,
Mein lebenslang will ich
verbleiben allein. —

1. Das was ich liebe ist ein guter feind
Der's treulich u. aufrichtig mit mir meint
Alle Heucheleien, Alle Schmeicheleien
Bin ich ganz von hertzen feind . —

2. Das was ich rede, das mein mund verspricht
Davon weicht auch das treue hertze nicht
Derin ich mich ergebe, ist auch weil ich lebe
Hertze u. Mund ganz treu verpflichtet .

3.
Es ist die freundschaft bey der jtz gewelt,
Nicht allezeit auf rechten grund gestellt,
Mancher liebt betrügen, u. hält viel von lügen
Dass mir aber nicht gefällt. —

4.
Ehrlich aufrichtig ist allzeit mein Sinn
Wer falsch seyn will, der sey es innerhin
Man soll durch die Proben, Mich noch endlich loben
Das ich treu u. Ehrlich bin . . —

5.
Es wird von meinem hertzen wen sichs gibt
Zur keiner zeit was falsches ausgeht
Es wird alle stunden, Werden hertze erfunden,
Wirt! wer die freundschaft liebt.

6.
Dum falsche welt ich traue dir nicht mehr
Dieweil du mich betrogen allzu sehr
Weg mit Obligiren, auch dornen Plätürren
Daran ich mich niemahls kehre.

Finis —

1. st
 Immerfort, geht u. sagt mir nur kein wort
 O! ihr armen, jung gebellen
 Könt euch trefflich heilig stellen
 Löffelt doch bald hier
 bald dort, Immerfort &c.^a —

2. ^d
 Engel rein wollt ihr herren alle seyn
 Spielt doch heimlich nach des mode
 Varesit euch fast zu Tode
 Stellt euch doch nur so zum Schein
 Engel rein &c.^a —

3. ^{apv.}
 Hängt ihr dagn Jungfern klebe fleckger
 Singt von ihnen lose Lieder
 W. vexit sie hin u. wieder
 Was bringt ihr noch auf die bahn
 Hängt ihr dan &c.^a —

4. ^h
 Drum sollt ihr kehren erst vor eurer theur
 Mit dem mund die Lippe blasen
 Und euch zahn' bey eurer Nasen
 Dap man euch nicht werffe fur.
 Drum sollt ihr &c.^a —

40.

1. Schönste laß die Hunde bellen
 Und im grünen wald erschallen
 Schlage dem spötter die rede in wind
 Man man sagt ich thue dich lieben
 Du dich nicht so sehr betrüben
 Weilen zu lieben du würdig sein bist.

2. Man auch alles ist dargegen.
 Ist mir nichts daran gelegen
 Lieben das ist meine freud sagt ohn schew.
 Man vergehen berg u. meere
 Soll die Lieb doch ewig dauern
 Ewig ja Ewig dir Bleib ich getreu

3.

Soll ich auf dem grünen wasser
 Jung gesell mein leben lassen
 Geb ich ein deinet der liebe loch ab
 Dann wird man auf erden lesen
 Was mein hertz dir treu gewesen
 Treueit verbleibet bis in das grab.

41.

1. Ich bin ja von felsen nichts
 Lieb allein dein Angesichte
 So mit der Schönste Tugend beehrt
 Von der Tugend: Verstand
 Hat bey dir die oberhand
 Drum bist du schönste das Lieben wohl wert

2. Willt du meinen wort nicht trauen
 Und darauf kein felsen bauen,
 Sag ich einmahl anfruchtig zu dir
 Lieber wolt ichs leben lassen,
 Als antren Lieben u. dich lassen
 Ich hab gehört den ausspruch von mir.

42. Lob des Ehestandes

1. Ich lobe mir den Ehestand,
Er ist das Glück der Welt;
Er ist's, der das gesellschaftsband
Knüpft u. zusammen hält.
2. In's lieben Weibchens schoos ruht
Der Mann von Arbeit aus;
Was er sich da zu gute thut,
Das fühlt das ganze Haus.
3. Er ist vergnügt, u. sorgenlos
Lebter; sein Weibchen wacht,
Und zieht ihm seine Kinder groß;
Er ist vergnügt - und lacht.
4. Lust wandelt um ihn her, u. wer
Ihn sieht, ist froh durch ihn;
Kommt ohngefähr ein Freund daher
Froh fliehn die Stunden hin.

43.
5. Die Jahre laufen schnell herum,
Sein Leben ist genuss;
Und dumm ist der - u. der ist dumm.
Wer dieß erst lernen muß.
R

44
1. Nun laßt uns gehn nach Hause
weil wir all besoffen seyn,
Wir haben nichts zuschmausen
bringen auch nichts ein;
Weil der Punsch, Uns nachwursch
hat geschmeckt, das man leckt,
Alle süßemäuler die dareizend }
seyn. }

2. d
Aber sag herr Bruder
Wie bist du jetzt so gesund,
Sinkend Lahn u. Übel
Gehend in den Wind;
Kann nicht seyn, das dein Beer
Nach Music, Tanzen thät
Was dir die Wein-geister aus dem
Hirne gehn. —

45
3. d
Bruder willst du fallen,
Steh nur still ich halte dich,
Geh mir zugefallen,
Diese Straate mit;
Du solst sehn, wie sie stehn
Lächelnd dort, an dem Ort
Weil wir all besoffen jetzt
nach Hause gehn. —

4. 1^{te}
Lute Nacht herr Bruder
Es hat uns recht wohl geschmeckt
Weil uns die wein geister
Haben auf geweckt;
Dessen Geist, Allermeist
Führt uns fort an den Ort
Wo die schönen schlaffen
die uns küssen thun. —

Kein besser leben ist auff dieser Welt
zu finden.

Als wann man isst u. trinckt, thut
sichs um gar nichts kräncken;

Wie ein Soldat im feld, sein Herren

Dienet Treu

Hat er nicht allzeit geld, hat er
doch Ehr darbey, hat er d.

Mein häußlein ist zwar klein
auf Leinwand ausgeschritten,

Wie auch mein bettlein, ist von Stroh
ist aufgeschüttelt.

Der Rock ist meine Deck, darunter
Schaff ich ein

Bis mich der Dambuhr weckt,
muß ich schon munter seyn.

Und wann der feind rückt an, und
Die Cartunen blitzen

So freud sich jederman auf's Pferd
muß alles sitzen.

Man rückt ins weite feld, man schlägt
sich tapfer um,
Der feind kriegt schläg oder geld,
Wer's glück hat komts darvon.

Bekom ich einen Schuss, aus
meinem glied muß yrieken
Hab ich ~~kein~~ weib ~~kein~~ kind, die
sich um mich thun kräncken.
Sterb ich auf frischer that, sterben
ist mein gewinn,
Dass ich als ein Soldat für vorm
feind gestorben bin.

Wann ich gestorben bin, so thut
man mich begraben;

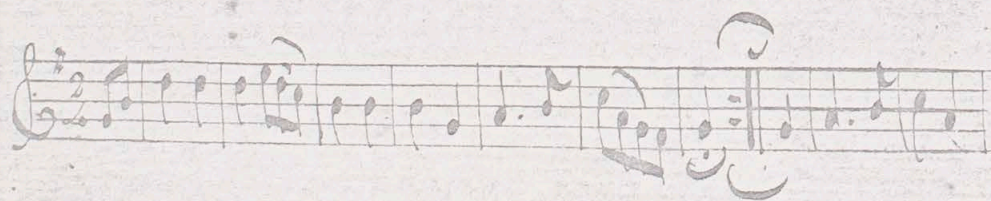
Mit Drum u. Pfeiffen spielt
wie's die Soldaten haben;

Drey salven gibt man mir, weit
in das grab hinein

Das ist Soldat Manier, laßt
Andre Lustig seyn.
D. H. H.

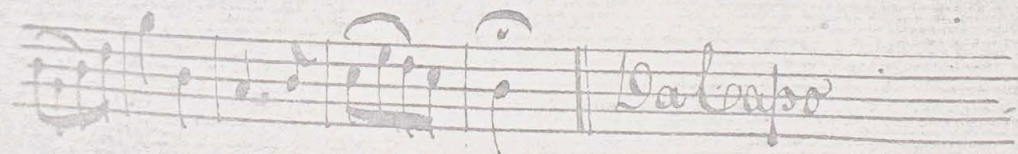
Ich bin ein Mannsbild von Natur,
 Das gibt der Augenschein
 Ich mache weiters kein Figur
 Und laß es also seyn;
 Ich mache was ein Mannsbild macht
 Und nicht nach der welt
 Ob die u. jene treu veracht
 Thue ich was mir gefällt.

2. Zum ersten lieb ich meinen gott
 Und einen guten Freund
 Ich scheide auch in keiner Noth
 Den aller ärgsten feind;
 Ich drücke keiner unter mich
 Und frage nichts nach gold
 Den nächsten bin ich förderlich
 Dem fremdten bin ich hold.



3. Ich hab un hertz das redlich mein
 Mein Dature steht auf nichts
 Ich bin ein schöner kinder freund
 Und lieb ein schön's gesicht;
 Kein Durnes merck das mag ich nicht
 Die bleibeweil von mir
 Hingegen ist ein fein gesicht
 Mein Lust u. mein plaisir

4. Das ist mein gantzer Lebens lauff
 Wer tadelt mir was dran
 Ich weis das ich von jugend auf
 Darnel bestehen kan;
 Und hab ich endlich eingebüßt
 Und muß verurtheilt seyn
 So werffe wer kein Sußer ist
 Auf mich den ersten Stein.



50. Lied

Ich kan recht sorglos Leben,
Und stets in Freuden schweben
Weil ich kont' Sax als General
Bey Frankreich grosser Feld Marschall
Bin avancirt, wie sichs gebührt
Niemand ist mehr der mich verstohrt
In meiner Ruh, ich such dargu.

2. Viel Herren mich thun kennen
Ein helden müssen nennen
Dieweil viel Helden thaten
bey mir schon sind gerathen
In Böhmen wie auch Beyerland
In Flandern wie auch ganz Laband
Hab g'nommen ein, Franzböschich muss sein

3. Istzt kom ich Tod geungen
Dich in mein Netz zu fangen
Ob du schon gleich ein General
Bey Frankreich grosser feldmarschall
Mußt wissen das ein and're held
Dich foder wird aus dieser Welt
Wann mir gefällt, ich nehm kein geld.

51.

4. Soll ich dan schon queten
Mein Leben schon verlihren
Die stell die mir mein Ludwig gab
Für den ich oft mein Leb'n begewagt
Und meine Treu die ich ihm that
Soll ich dan nun schon in das grab
Für meinen Sohn, geb noch Pardon.

5. Kein g'nad hast mehr zu hoffen
In eyl kom ich geloffen
Mit meinem gross gewahren
Ich mach dich schon begehren
Kein bleibens mehr zu hoffen hast
Du hast alhie kein Ruh noch rast
Bitt nicht so sehr, es hilft nicht mehr.

6. Ach Ludwig grosser König
Es kränckelt mich nicht wenig
Weil ich jetzund muss scheiden
Mein abschied nehm bey zeiten
Wie auch von meinem Löwen thal
War auch ein treuer General
Der auch noch recht, vor Frankreich steht

Volte.

7. Ach Ludwig großer König
 Ich bleib dir unthertänig
 Mein Leib mein Seel und mein Gebein
 Im Tod dir auch noch dienstbar sein
 Hab ich dir was gethan nicht recht
 Verzeih mir als ein treuer Knecht
 Der Tod ist hier, ich muss vondir.

8. Dein Sterben thut mich kräncken
 An dich werd ich lang dencken
 O! du mein treuer General
 Der mir gedient hat überall
 Wie es kommt einem dierist zu
 Dein Zeitung bringt mir viel Unruh
 In meinem Herzk, macht mich groß *schmerz*

9. Noch eins thu ich begehren
 Mein König wirds gewähren
 Die bitt ich meiner letzten Noth
 Wann ich verschieden bin in Todt
 Nach meines Glaubensbrüderlein
 Gewöhnlich möcht begraben sein
 Nach Strasburg hin da steht mein Jern
 In der Erden möcht begraben sein

10. Nach Strasburg solst du werden
 Bestattet fein zur Erden
 Nach deiner Relig'ons gebrauch
 In die new Kirch die weist dir auch
 Darest soll deine Arkstatt sein
 Die Kirch wird dich aufnehmen fein
 Wie auch die Stadt, schäkt sich vognat

11. Auch meine Liebe Dragoner
 Und meine ^{liebe} ~~meine~~ ^{Holloner}
 Im Herken thut michs kräncken
 Wann ich euch thu dencken
 O du mein Schönes Regiment
 Ich sag dir noch vor speunem end
 Ein gute Nacht, es ist Vollbracht

12. Nun lassen uns geschehen
 Daps Frauen zu besuchen
 Wor uns das Liedlein hat gemacht
 War forporal von dieser Macht
 Zu dem diesem General
 Dem Tod verblehenen Feldmarschall
 Er macht behend, dem Lied ein End

1. War einst ein Riese Goliath
Gar ein gefährlich Mann!
Er hatte Treppen auf dem Hut
Mit einem Klunker dran,
Und einen Rock von Drap d'argent
Und alles so nach advenant.
2. An seinen Schnurrbart sah man nur
Stil Grasen und mit Graues
Und dabey sah' er von Natur
Nur wieder — aus!
Seyn Sarras war, man glaubtes kaum
So groß schier als ein Weberbaum
3. Er hatte Knochen wie ein Gaul,
Und eine freche Stirn,
Und ein entsetzlich großes Maul
Und nur ein kleines Horn;
Gab jedem einen Rippenstoß,
Und flunkerte u. prahlte groß.
7. Trau nicht auf seinen Treppenhut,
Noch auf den Klunker dran!
Ein großes Maul es auch nicht thut;

4. So kam er alle Tage her,
Und sprach Israel Hohn:
„Wer ist der Mann? Wer wagt mit mir?
„Sei Vater oder Sohn,
„Er komme her der Lumpenhund,
„Ich box'n nieder auf den Grund.“
5. Da kam in seinem Schäferrock
Ein Jüngling zart und fein;
Er hatte nichts als seinen Stock
Als Schleuder und den Stein,
Und sprach: „Du hast viel stolze Wehr,
„Ich komm' im Namen Gottes her.“
6. Und damit schleudert' er auf ihn,
Und traf die Sterne gar;
Da fiel der große Esel hin
So lang u. dick er war.
Und David hant' in guter Ruh
Ihm nun den Kopf hoch ab dazw.
7. Das lern vom langen Mann;
Und von dem kleinen lerne wohl:
Wem man mit Ehren fechten soll.

Come assist me ye Sads who have hearts void of guile
To sing forth the praises of Ireland's Isle
Where true Hospitality opens each Door
And friendship Detains us for one Bottle more &c.

Oh! England your Taunts on our Country forbear
With our Bulls & our brogues we are brave & sincere
For if but one Bottle remains in our store
We have generous hearts to drink one Bottle &c.

At Gandies in Church Street I'll show you a set
Of three jolly Irishmen happily met,
They drank Gallons a piece & made the house roar,
With a Whack of the Lealy give us Twelve Bottles &c.

The bill being paid they all strove to depart,
But friendship had grappled each man by the heart
Whose least touch you know makes an Irishman roar,
With a Whack of the Lealy give us &c.

Now Sol darted beams threw the windows so bright
Well pleased to behold his bless'd Children of light
They parted with hearts neither sorry nor fore
And wish'd soon again to drink Twelve &c.

1. Seht den jungen Bacchus an!
Seht doch, wie er trinken kann;
Seht die Augen, die Geberden,
Sollen unsre Muster werden,
Wenn die Gläser, voll von Wein,
Aug, und Herz und Geist erfreuen.

2. Treue Brüder, laßt euch ratthen,
Thut doch, was die Alten thaten,
Gebt verdienten ihren Lohn,
Krön'et diesen Bacchus Lohn;
Das die Tugend auf der Erde,
Lieblich und erkannt werde.

3. Den die Weisheit sichtbar schmückt
Der sich doch zum Bacchus schickt
Der man sieht sein Amt verwalten
Und des abends Picknick halten,
Der noch nie bestraft ist
Weil man ihn dabey vermisst.

4.^h

Der noch keinen Trunk vermeiden,
 Der sich selbst darzu bescheiden,
 Den kein voller Rämmer schreckt,
 Dem der wein am besten schmeckt;
 Der verdient zum rechten Lohne
 Von den Brüdern eine Krone.

5. Brüder! sehl den Bruder an,
 Wie der Bruder trinken kann,
 Unter allen Bäckersöhnen
 Muß man ihn zum König krönen.
 Brüder! ja er muß es seyn,
 Sehl! er schenkt schon widerein.

Gleim

Charmante Seele! mein einziges Vergnügen!
 Englisches Kinde! bezuckerte Lust!
 Laß dich doch einmal O! Schönste besiegen,
 Öffne doch endlich die steinerne Brust.
 Sindre doch mein Bein, wilt du stehst grausam seyn.
 Ist dir mein Seufzen dann gar nicht bewußt.

2.

Sollen die Rossen, Narissen und Melken
 Welche dein Garten im Überflutz hegt
 Mitten im Sommer so zeitig verwelken.
 Denke daß dieses mein Seele bewegt.
 Fürchtest du O Schönste nicht, daß sie ein fremder ^{bricht}
 Welche die Saiten der Falscheit anlegt.

3.

Sollen die Kirchen so zeitig verderben
 Die auf dem Berge zu Sion stehn.
 Ach! Ach! so mag ich mit Tantalos sterben
 Und unvergnügt ins Todtenreich gehn.
 Setz mich zum Gärtner ein
 Ich will stets fleißig seyn
 Und Amor's Feldern mit Pflanzen versehen.

4.

Könt ich, ach! könt ich dein Lust Haus betreten
 Welche recht mitten im Garten erbaut,
 Ich will ja täglich bis mitten nacht betten
 Damit kein Mühl thau die Blätter betraut.
 Auf das kein Maulwurf recht
 durch die Passage bricht
 die sich Cupido zum Lust Haus erbaut.

Lied

Exibat quondam Logicus
 Wohl in dem grünen Wald,
 Videbat ibi stantem, sto, stas stantem
 Puellam wohl gestalt.

2.

Salve sis Puella!
 du schönste Geilde mein!
 Predicam tibi vera, vera vera
 du sollst mein eigen seyn. —

3.

3.

Non mi, non mi O Domine!
 Ihr treibt mit mir nur O'spott,
 Si vultis me supponere pono, ponis, ponere
 So geht mit mir ins Bett.

4.

Caeciderunt Arbo,
 Wohl in das grüne Gras
 Ceciderunt Mirabilia, mirabilia
 Ich ^{darf nicht} sagen was. —

5.

Accipias Thalerum
 Für dein verdientes Lohn
 Ne decasino fuisse, tu fuisse
 hat mir auch wohl gethan

6.

Alex barnasia composuit
 Ein tapferer Student
 Qui tot infantes, leceat
 Et virgines destruxerat.
 Mit seinem Instrument. —

62. Lied

- " Laßt uns ihr Brüder,
Weisheit erhöhen!
Singet ihr Lieder,
Frohlich u. Schön!
- " Mauerer, euch bindet
Heilige Pflicht;
Suchet, ihr findet
Wahrheit u. Licht.
- " Lachet der Thoren
die Weisheit schmähen.
Wir sind erhabener
Wahrheit zu sehn.
- " Götter der Erden
Fliehen den Thron,
Mauerer zu werden,
Ist ihnen Lohn
- " Euch, die zu Löhnen
Weisheit erhöht.

Strömenden Leenen
Leihet das Ohr.

- " Menschen beglücken,
Schüt uns Natur.
Folgt mit entzückten
Auhren der Spur!
- " Thränen verwandeln
In heiteren Blick,
Göttlich zu handeln,
dies sey uns Glück.
- " Strahlen zu borgen
Brauchen wir nicht
Uns Leucht't von Morgen
Göttliches Licht
- " Es leucht't uns nieder
Bis zu der Gruft.
Wo uns gott wieder
Schöpferisch rüft.

Lied.

Wenn Hoffnung nicht wär
 So leb ich nicht mehr,
 Dann Hoffnung allein
 Kann lindern die Pein.
 Kummer u. Schmerz
 Quälet das Herz.
 Kommt Hoffnung dazzu
 So leb ich in Ruh.

Wenn's stürmet u. kracht
 Ein Schiffman gibb acht,
 In grau'garnster Noth
 Ist Hoffnung doch gut
 Jeder der Leid.
 Hoffb' besse' zeh,
 Wie gieng es dan her
 Wenn Hoffnung nicht wär

Duenn Hoffe mein Herz
 In angst u. in Schmerz
 Und denke das glück
 Kommt wiederum zu rück
 Und denke dabey.
 Hoffnung bringt Treu
 Wenn solches geschieht
 So leb ich vergnügt.

Als die Venus neulich saß
 In dem bade nackt u. bloß.
 Cupido auf ihrem Schoß.
 Vom verliebten Bucker aß.
 Chor.
 Beigte sie dem kleinen Knaben
 Alles was die Jungfern haben.

Marmor Hügel sah er liegen
 Von begerde aufgebaut
 Sprach zur Mutter überlaut
 Wann werd ich dergleichen kriegen.
 Chor.

Das ich könnte Schäferinnen
 Und der Damen Lieb gewinnen.

Undersessen ließ sie spielen
 Seine Hand an ihrer Brust
 Dann sie merkte das er Lust
 Hatte weiter nach zu fühlen.

Chor.
 Bis Cupido dieser kleine
 Kam an ihre zarte Beine.

Als er sich an ihr geschniegen
 Sprach Herzliebster stüttelein
 Wer hat euch am decken Bein
 Solche Wunde zugeführt.
 Müßten Jungfern hier auf erden
 Alle so verwundet werden.

Venus lacht aus vollem munde
 Über ihren kleinen Lohn
 Dann sie merkte das er schon
 Etwas von der Sach verstande
 Da sprach sie du hast noch sachen
 Die verliebter können machen

Endlich sprach der junge freyer
 Ey so möcht ich wissen doch.
 Ob das Pflaster zu dem Loch
 Wäre dennoch viel zu theuer.
 Ach das Pflaster zu der Wunden
 Hab ich oftmal schon gefunden.

Ist mein Stübgen eng u. nett
 Ist mir nichts beschwerlich
 Als ein Stuhl, ein Tisch u. Bett,
 Bin ich wohl zufrieden
 Den ich brauch es, nur zur Lust
 Weil mir lachet herzu u. bruch
 Bald mein Mädchen, bald mein Glas
 Bald mein Glas, mein Mädchen.

Musizieren Tanz u. Spiel
 Sind zwar schön Lachen,
 Ich bekümmere mich nicht viel,
 Darnach Cour zu machen
 Ich mach mich nicht gerne krum
 Falte an und Stofse um.

Mancher schreibt als Advocat
 Glücktig einen Dogen
 Hat den Amtmann u. den Rath
 Ofter schon betrogen
 Für den mache ich ein Braut
 Und wechle wechselweis.

Hät ich gleich ein Königreich
 Könnt ich kronen tragen,
 Wär ich Alexander gleich
 Wür in Sieges Wagen.
 Könnt mich dieses nicht erfreuen
 Wen dabey nicht könte seyn.

Kreuter, wurzeln u. Mettal
 nur zu distillieren
 Mus ein Chemicus oftmall
 Müß u. Fleiß verlihren.
 Ich kan ohne Laborieren
 Machen das sie distillieren.

Mancher lernt das Studium
 Aus vollen Leibes kräften.
 Bleibt in Alter dennoch dum
 U. müßig in geschäften.
 Was ich lern ist nicht so bund
 Ich durch such bis auf den grund.

Unter tausend tod's gefahr
 Auf der See u. Erden.
 In America so gar
 Sucht man reich zu werden.
 Ich von solchen sorgen frey
 Kriege wechselweis darby.
 Bald mein G. G. G.

Ihr gedanken haltet ein,
 Ihr vermehret meine Pein,
 Ich erinnere mich der Stunden
 die schon längst sind verschwunden
 doch wann ich mich drein erget
 Ich dich doch beständiges Lieb.

Ich was fragst von ferne hin
 Warum ich so traurig bin,
 Meine Hoffnung ist verloren
 Ich bin nur zum leid geboren.
 Fremde Liden wird belächelt
 Was ich lieb wird mir beraubt.

Hät ich es vorher bedacht
 Und der Lieb ein end gemacht
 Wiltst und kanst du es nicht werden
 So bleib ich dir treu auf erden.
 Dieses bitte ich allein
 Bist in God vergiß nicht mein.

Wann ich werd gestorben seyn
 So schreib auf mein Leichenstein;
 Hier in dieser finstern Höle
 Liegt die aller treueste Seele.
 Ist gestorben vor der zeit
 Gantz aus Lieb u. Traurigkeit.

Der 7. Vers aus dem Lied. Ich will
 drum will ich bey ja u. nein
 Vor dem Zaphen sterben
 Nach der letzten Ordnung soll
 Befehl mich noch fassen.
 Engelchöre gleichen dann
 Mit dem Nectar Erben
 Duesem Trinker gnade Gott
 Lass ihn nicht verderben.

172.

Syed.

"Hush, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn & lost I tread,
With fainting step & slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my Son," the hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.
Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

When turn to night I freely show
What e'er my Cell bestows:
My rushy couch, frugal fare,
My blessing & repose.

173.

To flocks that range the Valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me
I learn to pity them.

But from the Mountains grassy side
A quillless snail I bring;
A turf with herbs & fruits supply'd,
And Water from the spring.
Then Pilgrim turn thy Cares forgo;
For earth born fares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long. —

The wealthy Fool, with gold in Store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but health, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my Friend & Ditcher.

Chorus.

My friend so rare, my girl so Fair,
With such, what mortal can be richer
Give me but these, a peg for fare,
With my sweet girl, my friend & Ditcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve
To toil a Ledger or a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend & Ditcher.

My Friend so rare &c.

The Fortune ever hangs my door,
I know not what can thus bewitcher,
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend & Ditcher.

My friend so rare &c.

Let grave divines preach up dull rules
And moral wit divine,
The precepts taught in Roman Schools
We Priars here divine.

Chorus.

Here's a health to Father Paul!
For flowing bowls!
Inspire the Souls
Of Solly Priars all.

When in the convent we are met
We laugh, we joke, & sing;
All worldly cares we there forget,
For Father Paul's our King.

Chorus.

No absolution we will give,
Ye blue eyed nuns so fair;
No benediction here receive,
But banish all your fare.

Chorus.

With beads & cross, not held divine,
We pray with fervent zeal,
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.

Chorus.

May ev'ry fair please his run!
 Each run her fair please!
 And each alike enjoy the run,
 With freedom & withease.
 Chorus.

Then fill your bumpers, long of mouth,
 Let fears be the toast;
 Long may they all carst on earth,
 And ning their order toast!
 Chorus.

Lied.

Helle Sonnen, helle Strahlen!
 Allesternen, helles Licht.
 Ihr könnt schwarz u. dunkle malen
 Ein so schönes Angesicht.
 Helft mein Unglück stets bedauern
 Dängt jetzt mit mir angetrauen
 Das heut ist der Abschied tag
 Ach was kummer, ach was klag.

Bitter ist der helle morgen
 Dünster ist die Abendzeit
 Daß der Tag bringt viele Sorgen
 Und brennt die Lustbarkeit
 Sonn u. Mond soll sich verkiehen
 Weil ich anders nicht kan spieken
 Bey der edlen Dünsternuß
 Weil mein hert stets Trauren muß.

Traure himmel. Traure Erde
 Schau auf mein betrübtten Stand
 Weil ich heut gegnält mus werden
 Um ein schönes liebes band.
 Große schmerzen mich umfallen
 Weil die schönste unter allen
 Ich an heut verlassen muß
 O! du bitter scheidens schluss.
 5^{te}

Soll ich aber unter dessen
 Auf dem Todt bett schlafen ein
 Wird ich deiner nicht vergessen
 O du schöner engel mein.

Meine Asche wird dich ehren,
Man wird mich oft seufzen hören
Diese schreift auf meinem Grab
Das ich treu getiebet hab.
5th

Nimm, ach nimm O schönste Seele,
Diesen letzten Abschieds kuss
Weil an heut gegnallt muß werden
Da ich dich verlassen muß.
Thrausend seufzer wird ich bekicken
Weil ich dich nicht kan erblicken
Unterdessen liebe mich.
Schönster Engel! wie ich dich.

Lied
Ich mädchen bin aus Schwaben
Und Braut ist mein gesicht
Der Sächser Mädchen gaben
Besitz ich freylich nicht
Sie können bücher lesen
Der Niedland u. den Glem

Und ihr gezichtetes Wesen
Ist süß wie Honig sein.

Der spott mit dem sie sprechen
Ist scharf wie Nadel Spitz
Der Hitz mit dem sie lachen
Ist ein Romanen Witz.
Mir fehlt zwar diese Gaube
Fein bin ich, und nicht schlaue
Auch kriegt ein braver Schwabe,
An mir ein (brave) gute Frau.

Das Tänzlen, schreiben u. lesen
Macht Mädchen Liederlich
Der Mann der mich erlösen
Der liest u. schreibt für mich.
Jüngling bist du aus schwaben
Und liebst dein Vaterland
Wohlan du solst mich Leben
schlau heer ist meine Hand
Hinz

Homeward bound.

1. Come loose every Sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improv'd,
I've done with the toils of y^e. Seas,
Ye Sailors I'm bound to my Love.
2. Sinie Emma is true as she's fair,
My Griefs I fling all to the Wind;
Tis a pleasing return for my Care,
My Mistress is constant & kind.
3. My Sails are all fill'd to my dear,
What Tropic bird swifter can move;
Who cruel shall hold his career,
That returns to the Nest of his Love.
4. Hoist every Sail to the breeze,
Come Shipmates & join in my song!
Let's drink while our ship cuts y^e. seas,
Till y^e. gale that may drive her along.

Hark away.

Bright Phoebus has mounted the Chariot of day
And the Horn & y^e. hounds call each sportsman away
Thro' woods & thro' meadows with speed now the bound
While health & health is in exercise found.
Chorus.

Hark away is the word to the found of the Horn
And Echo, & the Echo makes jovial the morn.

Each hill & each valley is lovely to view
While puss flies the covert & dogs quick pursue
Behold where she flies o'er y^e. wide spreading plain
While the loud opening pack pursue her again.
Hark away &c.

At length puss is caught & lies panting for breath
And the shout of the Huntsman's the signal of death
No joys can delight like the sport of the field
To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.
Hark away &c.

Ein preussischer Husar, fiel in Franzosen Hände,
 Prinz Clemont sah ihn an u. fragte ihn behände
 Sag an mein Freund wie stark ist deiner Königs macht.
 Wie Stahl u. Eisen sprach der Preuse mit bedacht.

Nein du verstehst mich nicht, versetzte Clemont ^{wieder}
 Ich meine nur die Zahl u. Menge deiner Brüder
 Drauf lachte der Husar u. schaute in die Höh
 Und sprach so viel ich Stern am blauen Himmel seh.

Der Prinz war ganz bestürzt, als dies der Preuse sagte
 Worauf er ihn zuletzt mit diesen Worten fragte
 Hat da dein König mehr dergleichen Leut wie du
 Ja wohl sprach der Husar, viel besser noch dazu.

Ich bin der schlechtest von meinen Brüdern allen
 Sonst wär ich dir gewiss nicht in die Hand gefallen
 Hier reichte dieser Prinz, ihm einen Fehis blank
 Der Preuse nahm ihn zwar, doch draussen auf dem Gang

Sah er die Schildwach stehn, die von Statur ganz Lagen
 Und ihm gesicht ansah wie eine Biere Tragen
 Dem reichte der Husar den grofsen thaler Scheid
 Und sprach nim an mein Freund so wahr ich
 Preussisch bin

Der brauchst ihn nötiger als ich u. meine Brüder
 Drum schenk ich dir dass gelt von deinem Prinzen wieder
 Das unser Friedrich versorgt uns alle gut
 Drum wagen wir für ihn den letzten Tropfen Blut.

Ich hab noch geld genug, vor mich u. mein Pferd habes
 Und wän ich keins mehr hab was Fra ich nach dem thale
 Klopfe ich auf mein Palast, u. mein Pistol darzu.
 U. setz mich auf mein Pferd, u. reit mein König zu.

Sah er die Schildwach stehn, die war so blitz blau mager.
 Als käme sie quertl von Postbank aus dem Lager.

Favorite Song

"Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind."

The Main with darkness mantled o'er,
The howling tempests flew;
Yet dread of Jeering thee, no more,
Was all the fear I knew.

Tho' out of sight; ne'er out of mind,
The sailor always true;
Regarded more than waves or wind,
The sighs of lovely Sue.

But when we met the haughty Sue,
And bullets round us flew;
With double strength I gave each blow,
To merit thee my Sue.

Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind
Thy heart still kinder grew;
In Fancy's Glass, to lovers kind,
I gazed on thee, my Sue. —

Dull Business Hence —

1.
Dull Business hence — avoid this sacred Round
To Mirth & mighty Love let every Glass be crown'd.
The sparkling Nectar see, it fans the Lovers fire,
And emulates those Toys which sprightly ^{inspire} ~~delight~~ ^{inspire} ~~delight~~
The generous Juice who scorn, or wears a Jullen Drone
Still let his mistress know he no Transport know

2.
No Chloe's name will consecrate each Glass
Still let each lively round, in livelier Transports pass.
What tho' the brain does rock, or swimming Eyes do roll
Love mighty Love does more intoxicate the Soul
When like true Song of Joylets' laugh at the precise
When Midorn grows austere 'tis folly to be wise

4.
Thus 'tis we live, thus time is nobly lost
To drink Love is all dull man can boast
No friend reflection hence — Mirth's not not to ally
Tho' leaping Tapers waste, the dull stars do fade —
No matter when the morn or brighter Phoebus rise
The Morn in Chloe's cheek & Phoebe in her Eyes

92. Begone dull Care. —

Begone dull Care, I pray thee begone from me.
 Begone old Care you & I can never agree.
 Long time you have been teasing me &
 I fear you would me kill.
 But faith old Care you never shall
 have your Will.
 Long time you have been teasing me &c.
 But faith &c. you never shall have your will
 You never shall have your Will.

2.
 Too much Care soon turns a young man to grey.
 Too much Care soon turns an old Man to Clay.
 But my Love shall dance & I will
 sing and merrily pass the day
 For I've always been told 'tis the
 wisest thing to drive old Care away.
 But my Love &c.
 For I've always &c.
 To drive dull Care away.

Amo, amas.

93.

Amo, amas. I love a Lass
 As a Cedar tall & slender;
 Sweet cowslips grace, Is her normative face
 And she's of the feminine Gender.
 Chor. Rorum eorum, Sunt divorum
 Harum scarum Divo!
 Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig hot band
 Ric, hoc, horum genetivis!

2.
 Can I decline, A nymph divine?
 Her voice as a flute is dulcis
 Her oculis bright, Her manus white,
 And soft, when I tacto her pulvis,
 Chor. Rorum, eorum &c.

3.
 Oh how bella! My puella!
 I'll kiss secula sculorum.
 If I've luck Sin, She's my exor,
 O dies benedictorum!
 Chor. Rorum, eorum &c.

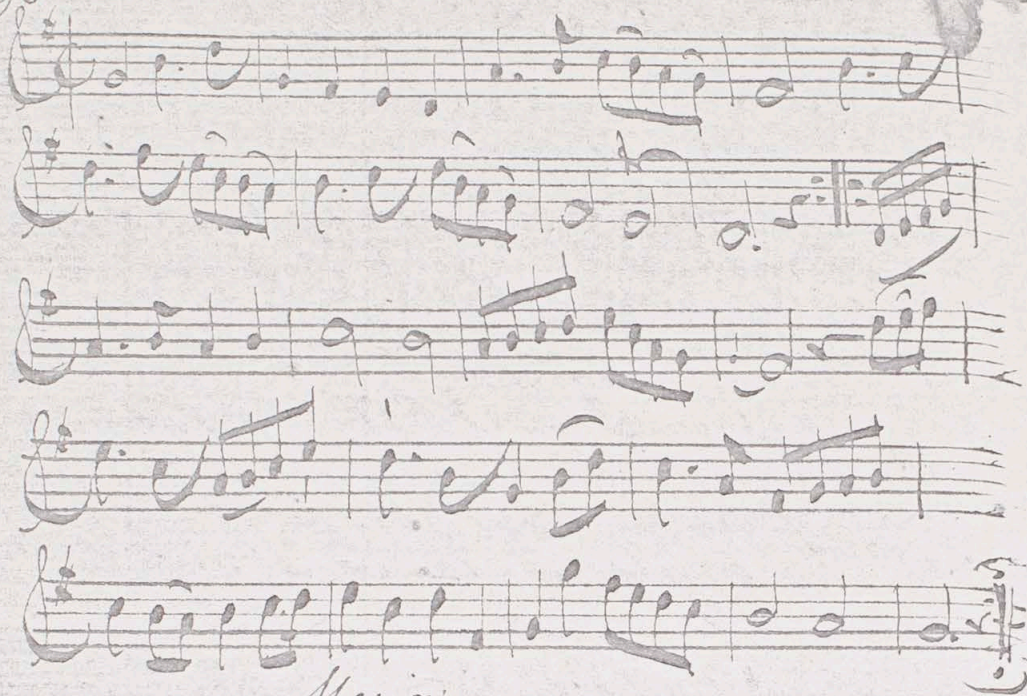
My Polly Doll, & my Partner Joe.

I was d'ye see a Waterman
As tight & trig as any;
'Twixt Horsely-down & Richmond Town,
I turn'd an honest Penny.
None cou'd of Fortune's favours brag
More just, than truly I do.
My Cot was snug, well fill'd my Reg.
My Quarters in the Sky.
Both Wherry light, & Bottom light,
I cheerfully did row;
And to comp'at this princely Life
Sure never man had Friend & Wife
Like my Polly, & my Partner Joe.
I roll'd a while in Joys like these,
Till folks far & near scare'd me;
Till, woe is me! most lubberly
The vermin came & seiz'd me.
How cou'd I all these comforts leave?
How with my wherry part?
I ne'er took on so much to grieve —
It wrung my very heart
But when on board, they gave the word
For Foreign parts to go,
I wou'd the moment I was born
That ever thus I shou'd be torn
From my Polly, & my Partner Joe.

3.

95.

I did my duty manfully,
Whetst on the billows rolling;
And night or day, cou'd find my way,
Blindfold, to the main top-bollins.
I brav'd the dangers of the Seas
Quicksands & gales of wind
In hopes that I shou'd taste once more
Those Joys I left behind; —
In climes afar, through hottest war,
Pou'd broadsides on the foe.
In hopes these perils to relate
While by my side, attentive sat,
My Polly & my Partner Joe.
At length 't pleas'd his Majesty
To give peace to the Nation
And honest hearts, from foreign parts
Came home for consolation.
Like lightning, for I felt new Life
And free from all alarms
I rush'd — but found my friend & wife
Lock'd in each others Arms;
Yet fancy not I bore my Lot
Tame like a lubber-foe!
For seeing I was fiercely trick'd,
Plump to the Devil, I boldly kick'd
My Polly, and my Partner Joe.



Maria.

See Maria see the lilly Fair,
 The blushing Rose just newly blown
 Then view their lovely charms & there
 You'll find those beauties all your own.
 But soon, too soon those colours fade,
 And all their fragrant sweets decay
 So will thy charms my beauties maid,
 For blooming Youth soon fades away.

30

Let virtue then adorn thy mien
 Whose beauties, time can never efface.
 In that unfading charms you'll find
 When robb'd of every other Grace.

Dans votre Vit.

1.

Dans votre Vit that bright parterre
 Should Flora bloom a lilly Fair,
 A smiling Tongue I could be
 To blow sweet flow'r beside of thee.

2.

Or nodding on the thorny bush.
 You drop to hide the rose's blush
 The leafy Umbrage make of me.
 And in this breast you'll shelter'd be.

3.

When ev'ry flow'r that paints the Ground,
 Strong smiles & odours all around.
 Sweet flow'r I'll prove thy faithful Bee,
 And honey sip from none but thee.

98. Pour, pour me out the parting Glass.

^{1.}
Pour, pour me out the parting Glass,
Again to thee, my pretty Lass,
Ben thus must bid adieu.
And when I am far out at Sea,
You'll think of him who thinks on thee,
What says my bonny Sue.

^{2.}
Hark, hark the Boatswain calls away,
Not not a moment can I stay,
But to her Kiss I then.
Now welcome is the Canons roar
And if I should not see thee more,
Think, think of honest Ben.

^{3.}
If in the Bay of Biscay I,
Or in the Gulph of Mexico,
My Fortune I can make.
No longer from thee will I roam
At Gosport will I fix my home
Thee to my Hamrick take.

99.

^{4.}
Our Jolly Vessels will try amain
To beat the Fleets of France & Spain
And England's Fame increase,
If rich Gallies fall in our way
The Long shall strike & fall our prey,
Will make them cry for Peace.

^{5.}
Sound wind & thin I take to Sea
True Heart Love, I'll bring to thee
We never shall part again.
No Captains Wife shall find me
From head to Stern from top to toe,
Then think of honest Ben.

100. *Do you mean to set Sail.*

1.
As you mean to set sail for the Land of delight,
And in Mellock's soft Harb'ock to swing every night
If you hope that your Voyage ~~safe~~ successful should prove
Fill your Sails with Affection your Cablons with Love.

2.
Let your Hearts like the main mast be ever upright
And the Union you Coast like our tackle be tight
Of the Shoals of Indifference be sure to keep clear,
And the Quicksand of Jealousy never come near.

3.
If Husbandry e'er hope to live peaceable lives
They must reckon themselves give the helm to their Wives
For the evens we go! Days the bells we sail. *Wives*
And on Shipboard the helm is still ruled by *y.* tail.

4.
Then list to your Pilot my boys I be wise
If my precepts you scorn & my maxims despise
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

Mary's Dream or Sandy's Ghost. 101.

1.
The Moon had clim'd the highest Hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee.
And from the Eastern Summit shed
Her silver light on Tow'r & Tree.
When Mary laid her down to sleep
Her thoughts on Sandy far at Sea
When soft & low a voice was heard
Say Mary weep no more for me.

2.
She from her Pillow gently rais'd
Her head to ask who there might be.
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With pallid cheek & hollow eye.
Oh! Mary dear, cold is my clay
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
And far from thee I sleep in death
So Mary weep no more for me.

3
 Three stormy nights & stormy days,
 We toss'd upon the raging Main,
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 Even then when horror chill'd my blood
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee
 The storm is past & I at rest
 So Mary weep no more for me.

4.

Oh! Maiden dear thyself prepare
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 When love is free from doubt & care
 And thou and I shall part no more.
 Loud crows'd the cock, the shadow fled
 No more of Sandy could she see,
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 Sweet Mary weep no more for me.

Return enraptur'd Henry.

1.

Return enraptur'd Henry
 When Delia's heart was mine
 When she with wreaths of flowers
 My temples did entwine.
 No Jealousy nor care,
 Corroded in my breast
 Nor visionary light as this
 Presided o'er my rest.

2.

Since I'm removed from state
 And bid adieu to Terrie,
 At my unhappy fate
 Let Delia not repine.
 But may the mighty Love
 Her crown with happiness
 This grant ye Powers above
 And take my soul to bliss.

3.

Now nightly round my bed
 No airy visions play,
 Nor flowers deck my head
 Each vernal holiday;
 But far from these sad plains,
 The lovely delia flies,
 While rack'd with jealous pains
 Poor wretched Andre dies.

Now happy the Soldier.

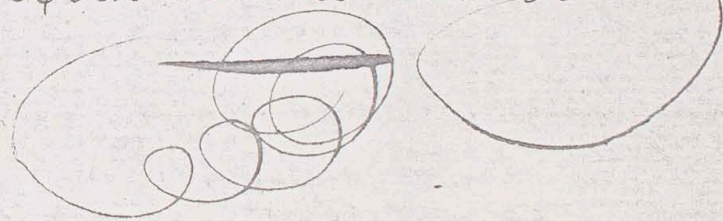
1.
 Now happy the Soldier who lives on his pay
 And spends half a crown ^{out} of his pence a day
 Yet fears neither Justice, Warrant, or Drum
 But pays all his debts with the roll of his drum.
 With row de don, row de don, row de don don
 And he pays all his debts with the roll of his
 Drum.

2.

He cares not a marv'ly how the World goes
 His King finds him quarters, Money & Clothes
 He laughs at all sorrow, when ever it comes
 And rattles away with the roll of his drum
 With a row de don Ce.

3.

The drum is his glory, his Joy & delight,
 It leads ^{him} to pleasure, as well as to fight
 No girl when he bears, tho ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatter'd, & follows y^e drum.
 With a row de don Ce.



S.

A plague on those musty old lubbers
 Who teach us to fast & to think
 And patient fall in with Life's rubbers
 With nothing but water to drink
 A can of good stuff had they twigg'd it
 For pleasure 'twould get them agog;
 And in spite of the rules of the school
 The old Fools, would have all of them
 swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like Grog.

2.

My father, when last I from Guinea
 Return'd with abundance of wealth,
 Cried-Jack, never be such a ninny,
 To drink - Says I - father, your health;
 Then I tipp'd him the stuff & he twigg'd it,
 Which got the old codger agog;
 And he swigg'd & mother, & sister & brother
 And I swigg'd, & all of us swigg'd it,
 And we swore there was nothing like Grog.

3.

One day as our Chaplain was preaching
 Behind him I cautiously slunk,
 And whilst he our duty was teaching -
 As how we should never get drunk.
 Then I tipp'd him the stuff, & he twigg'd it
 Which soon set his reverence agog;
 And he swigg'd & Dick swigg'd
 And Ben swigg'd & Dick swigg'd
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And we swore there was nothing like Grog.

Is.

There's nothing so social as drinking
 So pleasant on this side the grave;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking
 And makes even the valiant more brave.
 As for me from the moment I twigg'd it
 The good stuff has so set me agog;
 Sick or well, late or early, wind, foully or
 I've constantly, constantly swigg'd it, fairly
 And damn me! there's nothing like Grog.

Dear Kathleen you no doubt
 Find Sleep how very sweet tis
 Dogs Bark & Cocks have crowd'd out.
 You never dream how late tis.
 This morning gay, I post away
 With you to have a bit of play
 On two Legs rid, along to bed
 Good Morrow to your Night Cap.

Last night a little brousy,
 With Whisky, Ale & Cyder
 I ask'd young Betty Brousy
 To let me sit Beside her.
 Her anger rose, and fow as does
 The little Gypsy cock'd her nose
 Yet here I'm rid, along to bed
 Good Morrow to your Night Cap.

Soldiers Song?

Now Stand the Glafs around
 For shame you take no care my Boys
 Now stand the Glafs around.
 Let Mirth & Wine abound.
 The Trumpets sound
 The Colours they are flying Boys
 To fight kill or wound
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate my Boys
 On the Cold Ground.

Why Soldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy Boys. —
 Why Soldiers, why,
 Whose Business 'tis to die!
 What - Sighing, Lie!
 dont Fear, drink on, be jolly Boys
 'Tis he, you, or I!
 Cold, hot, wet or dry
 We're always bound to follow Boys
 And scorp to fly —

'Tis but in vain
 I mean not to upbraid ye, Boys
 'Tis but in vain
 For Soldiers to complain -
 Should next Campaign
 Send us to him who made us Boys
 We're free from pain! -
 But if we remain
 A Bottle & kind Landlady
 Cure all again.

Drink to me only with thine Eyes
 And I will pledge you with mine
 Or have a Kiss within the Cup
 And I'll not ask for Wine
 Drink to me only with thine Eyes.

The thirst that from the Soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine.
 But might I of Love's nectar sip
 I would not change for this.
 Drink to me.

I sent thee late a Rose wreath
 Not so much honoring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not wither'd be
 Drink &c.

But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent it back to me
 Since when it looks & smells I swear
 Not of itself but thee.
 Drink &c.

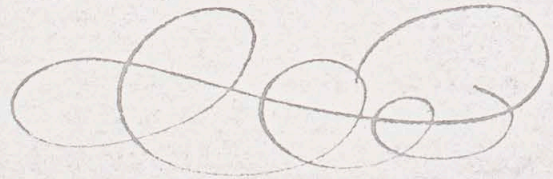
1.
 Hilst du unsern Lieben Christ
 Was das geplagte Thier auf Erden ist
 So soll hinab die Antwort seyn
 Das arme Dorf Schulmeisterlein:
 2.
 Und wann es nicht zu gehen lat
 So geht es eiligst nach der Stadt
 Und holt sich da ein Ringelein
 Das arme Dorf Schulmeisterlein:
 3.
 Denn wann einst eine Kind. tauff ist
 So heist es wie der flugel frisst
 Und es mus Ochz u. Eßel sein
 Das arme Dorf Schulmeisterlein:
 4.
 An seiner lieben Ehefrau
 Reibst sich im Dorf ein jede Sau
 Und es muss Hörner trapper sein
 Das arme Dorf Schulmeisterlein
 5.
 Und wenn der Rutter dieser Welt
 Sind jenen großen Fechts Tag Rath
 So heist es post post kom auch heren
 Du armes Dorf Schulmeisterlein.

1.
 Ach die Liebe weckt mich immer
 War die Hochzeit doch schon heut
 Michel sagt es wird noch schlimmer
 Wenn man sich einmal geheyt.
 Soltt dies wohl die Hochzeit machen
 Ändert sich darnach so schier
 O dann wird auch Michel Wachen
 Wenn es Michel ist wie mir.

2.
 Spricht mein Michel liebes Lieschen
 O wie gärtlich heb ich dich,
 Sag ich ihm mit meinem Küschen
 Hab dich lieber noch als mich.
 Und dann schwört er mir aufs neue,
 Treu zu bleiben für u. für
 Ewig währt auch seine Treue
 Wenn es Michel ist wie mir.

Ist hiebey wohl was zu wagen
 Michel wird mit mir vermählt
 Nie werd ich mich drum beklagen
 Liebe hat ihn mir gewählt.
 Meine Lieb ist wie die Seine
 Wer ist glücklicher als wir
 Seine Liebe bleibt wie meine
 Wenn es Michel ist wie mir.

O ja siehst du bist glücklich
 Wenn du Michel hast zum Mann
 Denn er sagt es dir ja gründlich
 daß er durch die Mittel kann.
 Die sein Vater ihm will geben
 Und so brauchst du nur allein
 Mit ihm ganz vergnügt zu leben
 O mein Michael du bleibst mein.



Brüder laßt die Sorgen fahren
 Brauchet eure Burschenzeit
 Es vergehet mit den Jahren
 Eurer Jugend Munterkeit.
 Schenckt die Gläser ein
 Laßt uns frolich seyn. Da capo.

Dieser Tag der Lust geweiht
 Sey uns nicht umsonst geschenkt
 Vor uns hat man sich gefreuet
 Und sich nur aus Noth gekränkt.
 Schenckt &c. da capo.

Nach uns werden andre kommen
 Wenn wir alt u. gründlich sind,
 Frisch das Glas zur Hand genommen
 Weil wir hier besazzen sind,
 Schenckt &c. D. C.

Noch soll unser König leben
 Und sein königliches Haus.
 Diesen edlen Saft der Reben,
 Leer ich auf sein Wohlseyn aus.
 da capo.

Bruder auf dein Wohlergehen
 Sey dir dieses Glas gebracht
 Unsre freundschaft soll bestehen
 Bis der Tod ein Ende macht.
 Und begräbt man mich
 So gedenke an mich. A. B.

Auf das Wohlsyn unserer Freunde
 Trinken wir weils Trinken schmeckt
 Grillenfänger unsre Feinde
 Packet euch wir sind gedeckt.
 Unser junges Blut
 Giebt uns frohen Muth. D. C.

Bruder auf dein Wohlergehen &c.
 Dieser Vers wird bey jeder Stimmersch
 nach Maassgabe der vorhandenen Ge-
 sellschaft u. ihrer Anzahl, indes einer
 dem andern zutrinkt und einer den
 anderen umarmt, öfter wiederholt.

Thränen mag ich nicht vergiessen
 Doch der Abschied bringt einst Schmerz,
 Dann soll meine Thräne fliessen
 Bruder dir getreut man Herz.

In der deinen Schoos
 Sey beglückt dein Loos D. C.

Unsre Schönen sollen leben,
 Dank sey ihrer Gütlichkeit,
 Einst wird uns ihr Geist umschweben
 Der sich unger Liebe freut.
 Fern von Kummer sey
 Unser Kind uns Treu. D. C.

Ohne Vieh und Ohne Wein
1.

3.
Darum soll stets Lieb u. Wein
Unge Losung bleiben,
Denn sie können ganz allein
Allen Gram vertreiben.
Freunde schenkt die Becher ein
Führet sie zum Munde
Bleibet stets mit Lieb u. Wein
In recht festem Bunde.

Mel. Lustig sind wir Lieben Brüder!

Lasset die Manichäer schreyen
Wir sind wohlgemuth. :ff:
Behren in geschlossenen Reihen
Von der Ältern Gut. :ff:

Chorus.

Da wir denn besagen sind
Leeren wir das Glas geschwind
Der edle Reben (Gersten) saft
Giebt uns Kraft. —

2

Lustig sind wir weil das Leben
 Uns so bald entflieht
 Weil der Lipse Lach der Reben
 Uns nicht immer glückt. Chor. Sc.^a

3
 Lustig sind wir heut u. Morgen
 Immer gleich gesinneth
 Werfen alle schwarze Sorgen
 In des Meeres Wirbel. Chor. Sc.^a

4
 Mancher hat dem frohen Leben
 der geselligkeit,
 Völlig gathe Nacht gegeben
 Der ist nicht gescheut. Chor.

5
 Mancher ist ein Venusritter
 der gebülth mir nicht.
 Denn die Früchte sind oft bitter
 Er versäumt die Pflicht. Chor.

6
 Laßt uns lieber Scherzen trinken
 doch nicht müßig gehn,
 Und wenn uns die Augen winken
 Ihren Wink verstehn. Chor.

7
 Mancher quält sich beyrn studieren
 Denkt sich matt u. bleich,
 Laßt sich nie zum Jubel führen
 Und wird doch nicht Reich.

Chor.

Aber der ist übel dran
 der sich nicht Vergnügen kann
 dessen träges Blut
 Immer stüth.

8
 In dem mag sein sein behagen
 Kuckern wo da will.
 Laßt uns fort die Grillen jagen,
 Bey der freuden still!

Chor.

Da wir denn beyammen sind
 Lustig Brüder stets wie heute
 Soll die Losung seyn,
 And als wackre junge Leute
 Wollen wir uns freun.
 Chor.
 Wird uns nun im Vaterland
 Einst ein Amtchen zugewandt
 dann erfüllet Lust
 unsere Brust.

Solo.

Drum Her Brüder du sollst leben
 Und dein Mädchen auch,
 Laß dir noch ein frisch Glas geben
 Nach der Dursten Brauch.

Leb und küsse bis der Becher
 Aus den Händen sinkt
 Und dem wonngetrunken Becher,
 Deine Schöne winkt
 Tutti.

Da wir denn beyammen sind.

The Brown Jug.

Dear Sir, this brown Jug¹, that now foams
 Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate
 with mild Ale.

Of the Vale.
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old Soul,
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or lath'd a bowl.
 In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among Jolly Toppers he bore off the bell.

2.
 It chanc'd in dog-days, as he sat at his ease,
 In his flower-woven arbour, so gay as you please,
 With a friend & pipe puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest Old Sings, was soaking his Clay
 His breath doory of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt.

3.
 His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time, unto clay, had dissolved it again;
 A bottle found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug.
 Now sacred to friendship & mirth, & mild ale, O
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the Vale.

Darby.

1.
 Since Kathleen has prov'd so untreed,
 Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?
 No longer I'll stay here a clown
 But sell off & gallop to town,
 I'll dress and I'll strut with an air,
 The Barber shall fix to my hair.

2.
 In town I shall cut a great dash;
 But how for to compass the cash?
 At gaming perhaps I may win;
 With Candy I can take the Flats in;
 Or trundle false dice & they're quick'd;
 If found out I shall only be kick'd.

3.
 But first for to get a great Name,
 I duel establish my fame;
 To my Man then a Challenge I write
 But first I'll be sure who's to fight,
 We'll swear not to part till we fall
 Then shoot with our powder, and —
 the Devil a Ball.

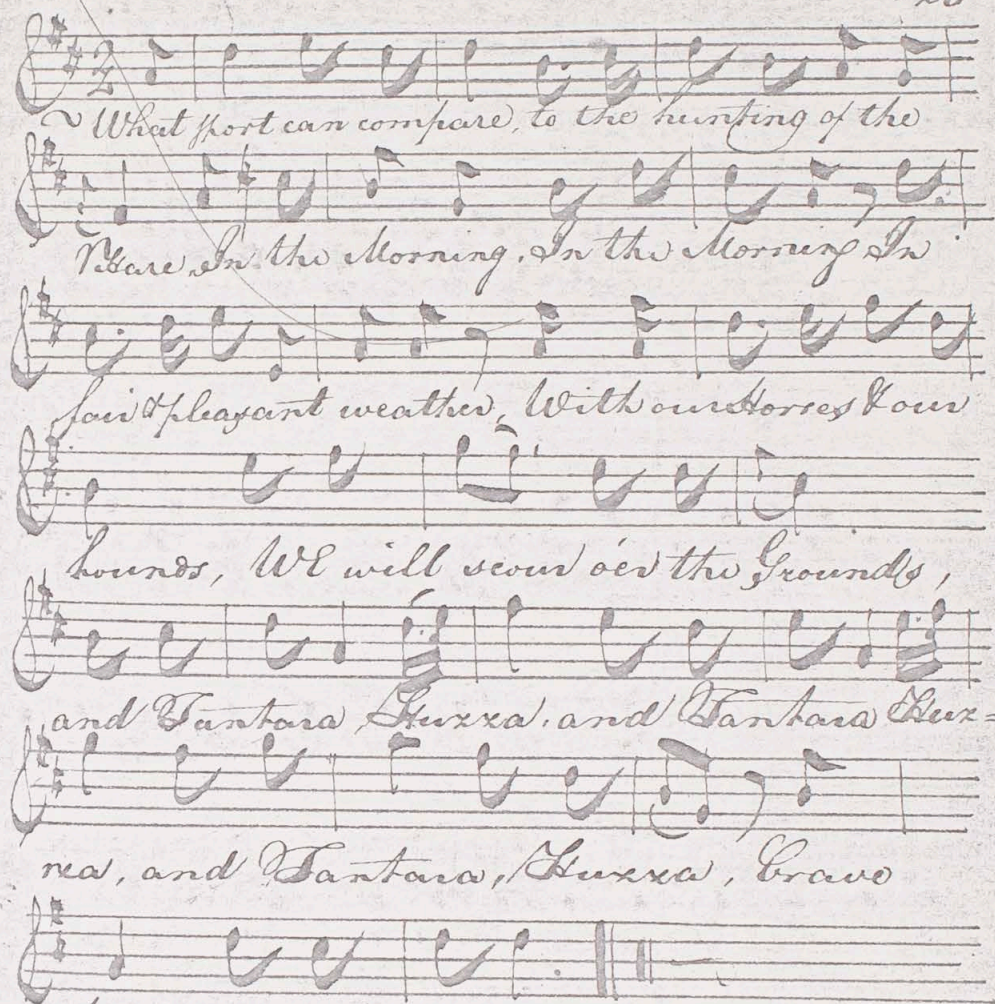
124. *Tantivy, Hark forward Hurra.*

No Pastime, no sport can with hunting compare,
 Let each Lad and Lass to the field then repair. —
 While health rosy health with delight shall keep pace
 And prove there's no Joy like the Joy of the Chase.
 When the Horns sprightly Notes call y^e Sportsman away
Tantivy, Hark forward Hurra. —

Let Fashion & Scandal & Cards share the Time
 Of your London Ladies who murder their Prime,
 Give me the delights that gallop in this place
 While Echo, re-echoed gives Joy to the Chase.
 When the Horns sprightly &c.

O'er Mountain & Valley with speed hast away
 No longer our Innocent Pastime delay
 Run brae to welcome with bright muddy Spur,
 Let Echo, re-echoed give Joy to the Chase.
 When the Horns sprightly &c.

125.



What sport can compare, to the hunting of the

Neare In the Morning, In the Morning In

fair & pleasant weather, With our horses & our

hounds, We will scour o'er the Grounds,

and Tantara Hurra, and Tantara Hur-

ra, and Tantara, Hurra, Bravo

Boys we will follow.

When our hump doth rise
 Then away from us she flies
 And we give her a thundering hollow,
 With our horses and our hounds
 We will pull her courage down

And Tantara Hurra brave Boys we will follow.

3.

When ^{the} sun is kill'd
 We retire from the field,
 O be merry boys, & drink away all sorrow
 We have nothing more to fear,
 But to drown old father Care,
 And to banish Hurra, all his wants till to morrow.

(24 Fiddlers.)

Four & twenty fiddlers all on a Row, Four & twenty Fiddlers
 all on a Row, there was fiddle, fiddle fiddle & my
 double damme semie quibble down below. It
 is my Vady's holiday therefore let us be merry.

2. 24 drummers all on a Row, there was hey rub
 a dub, ho rub a dub fiddle, fiddle &c.
3. 24 Trumpeters all on a row, there was tan-
 tara rara, tantara nera hey rub a dub &c.

4. 24 Coblers all on a row, there was stab awl & cobbles
 O cobbler stab awl tantara nera &c.
5. 24 fencing Masters all on a Row, there was push
 carte & tierce down at heel cut him across stab &c.
6. 24 Cattarins all on a Row, there was Oh d-n me
 kick him down stairs push carte & tierce &c.
7. 24 Parsons all on a Row, there was Lord have
 mercy upon us Oh d-n me kick him down stairs &c.
8. 24 Taylors all on a Row, one caught a louse,
 another let it loose & another cried knock
 him down with the goose, Lord have mercy &c.
9. 24 Barbers all on a Row, there was bag wigs,
 short cuts, toupees, long queues, shave for a
 penny, Oh d-n'd hard turning two ruffles
 & neer a shirt, one caught a louse, &c.
10. 24 Quakers all on a Row, there was Abraham begat
 Isaac, & Isaac begat Jacob, & Jacob peopled the
 12 tribes of Israel, with bag wigs, short cuts,
 toupees, long queues, shave for a penny, Oh d-n'd
 hard turning two ruffles & neer a shirt, one
 caught a louse, another let it loose, & another
 cried knock him down with the goose, Lord
 have mercy upon us, Oh d-n. one kick him
 down stairs, push carte & tierce, down at heel
 cut him across, stab awl & cobbles and cobbles stab
 awl, tantara nera, tantara nera, hey rub
 a dub, ho rub a dub, fiddle, fiddle, fiddle
 and my double damme semie quibble
 down below, It is my lady's holiday there-
 fore let us be Merry.

Upon the March, it was my Lot a Bullet for to shew,
And upon an Inn that made me grin, to see my dame so fair,
The Landlady prov'd kind to me, where I got quarters there,
So by Love I kiss'd my Landlady let that stand there,
Let that stand there my Boys let that stand there,
So by Love &c.

2.

Our Orders being for Ireland, fresh quarters to prepare,
Which made our handsome Landlady begin to stamp & frown,
Saying, I'll go along with Bob, let Bob go e'er so far,
For Bob's the Lad that hump'd me well let that &c.

3.

Our lousy landlord blamed me for doing of this deed
Because I did relieve his Wife, twas in the time of need,
He then sent for the Constable for her, I did not care,
So by Love I hump'd my Landlady let that stand there.

4.

Its twenty Guineas in my Hand she cunningly did give,
Oh Bob says she pray thinks on me when thou art on the way,
Do think on me it will agree, all fates with thee to share
For thou art the Lad that hump'd me well let that &c.

Let Blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at Randoom,
Losing thousands then Live, with a Nil desperandum;
But each conquest I gain'd I made friend & foe know
That my Soul's only aim was pro publico Bono.

O Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded,
How much to thy Shame thy Caprice is recorded!
As the wise great & good of thy frowns seldom escape any,
Witness brave Belisarius, who begg'd for an half penny
Date Obolum, date Obolum, date Obolum Belisario!

2.

He whose fame from his Valour & Victories arose, Sir,
Of his Country the Shield, & the scourge of his foes, Sir,
By his poor faithful dog, blind & aged was led Sir,
With one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his bread, Sir.

3.

When a young Roman Knight, in the Street passing by, Sir,
The Veteran survey'd, with a heart rending sigh Sir,
And a purse in his Helmet he drop'd it with a Tear Sir,
While the Soldier's Lad Tail thus attracted his ear, Sir.

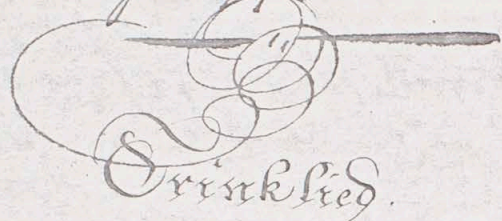
4.

I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome Sir,
I have crown'd her with Laurels which for ages will bloom Sir,
I've enrich'd her with wealth, I've fill'd her with joy Sir,
I've pour'd her life & disgrace is my dowry Sir.

5.

Not yet for my friends, for my kindred or Self Sir,
Has my glory been stain'd by the base vigils of Hell Sir,
For such forbid designs I've so far been from falling Sir,
Old & blind I've no choice but of begging or starving Sir.

30. 6.
So to distress & to dainess inur'd, Sir,
In this vile burst of play when no longer inur'd Sir,
At death's welcome stroke my bright career shall begin
And enjay endless day from the Sun shine within, Sir.



Drinklied.
Schenkt euch ein, ihr lieben Brüder,
Schenkt euch doch ein Gläschen ein!
Aber laßt auch die Weider
Nicht dabey vergessen seyn.
Viel zu trinken ohne Singen
Schleift nur zu zeitig ein.
Soll der Wein und Freude bringen
Muß dabey gesungen seyn.
Kraft das thörichte Verfahren
Da man übermäßig trinkt;
Und dadurch bey jungen Jahren
Sich schon in die Grube bracht.
Dass macht warlich schlecht verneuen,
Wo man sich zum Saufen zwingt;
Beper, wenn bey kleinen Tuglen
Oft ein frohes Lied erklingt.

31.
Lustig! laßt die Gläser klingen,
Stoßet tapfer mit mir an!
Machet, dass man unser Lachen
Auch von weitem hören kann.
Ob es gleich der Nachbar merke,
Kehre sich doch niemand dran;
Denn für menscheids-volle Werke
Schäm't sich kein Piederman.
Sitzl ihr nah bey'm Trinquenier,
So erbittet einen Kuß;
Doch bedenket, dass man immer
Ehrenbeethig bleiben muß.
Mäßigkeit in allen Saeften,
Und bescheidener Genuss
Kann uns mehr Vergnügen machen
Als ein großer Überfluss.

132. *Gefühl Phyllis, als sie verlassen wurde.*

Mein Vergnügen ist gestorben,
Meine Lust ist ganz vorbei,
Was mein Herz sich kaum erworben,
Reißt das Bündnis schon entzwey.
Die nunmehr falsche Schöne,
Lacht zu meiner Leiden Pein,
Und vor meinem Klag-Gehörne
Scheint sie nur wie taub zu seyn.
Pfl egte sie mir sonst zu schmeicheln,
Beß ich manchen süßen Kuß,
Auch ich ihre Wangen streicheln,
Die ich nun antreiben muß;
O! so gibt sie mir nur Blicke,
Die den Blitzen ähnlich sehn,
Daß ich in dem Ungelücke,
Nicht mehr weiß, wie mir gesehn.
Lacht ihr alles sonst um Liebe
Was sie ehemals voller Lust,
Als zum steten Zeitvertreiber
Sie nur bloß von mir gewußt.
Muß ich jetzt erkennen lernen,
Daß sie Selamor besüßet,
Denn es zeugt mir ihr Entzweyen,
Daß sie fremde Blut erhitzt.

133.
Nun sie mag die Schwüre brechen,
Bin ich doch nicht ungetreu;
Aber wurd' der Himmel rächen,
So bin ich von Straffe frey;
Wird sich Phyllis auch wohl lassen,
Wenn sie Selamor verläßt?
Wenn er, weil sie mich verlassen,
Künftig ihr nichtz nettes macht?

Geh! nur geh! ich bin zufrieden,
Falsche Phyllis, geh nur hin,
Tausend Angst wird dich ermüden,
Wenn ich in Vergnügung bin;
Wird dich tausend Küsse plagen,
Phyllis, O! so gönnt man dir,
Daß dein Grabmahl wird noch sagen:
Weicht! die Untreu liegt allhier.

My Temple with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all Toys for a goblet of Wine,
And barter be.

In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's Tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly, with Spirits like mine, to despair;
And what mighty charms can be found in the Glass
If not fill'd to the health of a favourite Lapp.

'Tis Woman, whose charms every rapture impart,
And lend a new Spring to the pulse of the heart;
The miser himself, so supreme is her sway,
Grows a convert to Love, & resigns her his Day.

At the sound of her Voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens, well pleased, from her shed;
While age, in an ecstasy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her Song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest & deepest that stands on his board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, & drink to the fair;
'Tis the thirst of a Lover, & pledge me who dare.

Contented I am, & Contented I'll be;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a Girl that will socially sit on my Knee
And a Cellar that's plentiful stor'd
My brave Boys!

"See, my vault-door is open, descend w' my guest;
Tap the cask, for the Wine we will try;
'Tis as sweet as the Lips of your Love to the taste,
And as bright as her Cheeks to your Eye,

"Sound that pipe; 'tis in tune, and the binawell
View that heap of Champagne in the Cellar!
Those Bottles are Burgundy, see how they're fill'd,
Like Artillery, their upon tier, L

"My Cellars my Camp, and my soldiers, my flasks
All gloriously ranged in View.
When I cast my Eyes round, I consider my flasks
As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

"In a piece of stit hoop, my candle I have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The fob of my Glass for the purpose I broke
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

"Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed
No hic jacet engrav'd on my Stone;
But pour on my Coffin a bottle of red,
And say, that my drinking is done,
My brave Boys!

The Pilgrim.

I am a weary Pilgrim, And yet must tread this Stage!
 What should a Pilgrim have to do, In this degenerate Age?
 But each must Act his part, The Beggars King & I,
 And all we have to learn, Is how to live & die!

Then life & death, my theme, I'll constantly pursue,
 And teach men how to live & die with happiness in view!
 O happiness! the Search Of Man, in every sphere!
 If happiness we wish, Let's seek it while we're here.

In bags of gold 'tis not, Nor is it to be found;
 In flowing bowls, with noisy mirth, True happiness is drown'd.
 Nor yet in Cards & dice, Those Murderers of time;
 Nor in the Looking glass Of Virgins in their prime.

Wherever Virtue is, there happiness remains;
 Though pangs of death obstruct our joy, Hope says there happy pangs.
 So then 'tis not confin'd To any sphere or place,
 But may be always found, If virtue we embrace!

Machere's Smile.

Ma chere amie, my Charming fair
 Whose Smiles can banish ev'ry Care
 In kind Compassion smile on me
 Whose only Care is Love of thee.

Under Sweet Friendship's sacred Name
 My Bosom caught the tender Flame;
 May friendship in thy Bosom be
 Converted into Love for me!

Together rear'd, together grown
 O! let us now unite in one!
 Let pity soften thy decree
 I droop dear Maid, I die for thee.

A Rose Tree full in bearing
 Had sweet Flowers fair to see
 One Rose beyond comparing
 For beauty attracted me.
 Who, ^{eager} once to win it
 Lovely blooming fresh & gay,
 I find a canker in it
 And now throw it far away.

How fine this morning early
 All Sun-shine clear & bright,
 So late I lov'd you dearly
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.
 The cloudy seem'g with Showers
 Sunny beams no more are seen
 Farewell ye happy hours
 Your falsehood has chang'd the Scene.

S.
 I'll sing you a Song, faith I'm singing it now Sir.
 I don't mean to offend either great or small bow bow.
 The subject I have Chosen, it is of the canine race
 To prove that like us two legg'd dogs they are a mighty ^{fine rags}
 Bow, wow, wow.

There's you & I & other dogs may be counted bad dogs,
 And as we wont drink Water some may think us mad dogs.
 A Courtier is a Spaniel, a Citizen's a dull dog,
 A Soldier is a Mastiff, A Sailor is a bull dog.

to
 An old maid comes from Church, the poor no lady kinder
 A lusty dog her footman, with a prayer Book behind her
 A poor boy asks a farthing, & gets plenty of good Licking
 But little Shock her lap-dog, must have a roasted Chick.

When silly dogs for property, Uncle, Jon, & brother,
 Grind & snarl mighty Grief, worry one another
 Should they a bit of Equity, from Justice by the loan,
 That cunning dog the lawyer, snapearing quick the bone off.

A Doct's a lank greyhound for the public game down
 A Cur is a Cur, & tries to run his farne down
 And though he cannot follow where the noble sport invites him
 He shyly steals behind & by the heel he bites him.

You're a choir pack of friends while to feed them you
 Your dog for his morsel couches under your table
 Your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster,
 But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his master.

114.
As your friendly turn-tail, the moment that you need 'em
My dog ran away when no longer I could feed him
This cur so ungrateful forsook me on my Journey
And for a Monkey crust went back to the Attorney.
Poor, woe, woe.

— " — " —
To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee
A few Songs of harmony sent a petition,
That he their Inspirer & Patron would be;
When this Answer arriv'd from the Jolly old Grecian
"Voice Fiddle & Flute, No longer he needs,
"I'll lend you my Name & Inspire you to boot,
"And besides I'll instruct you, & have to intertwine
"The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

2.
The News through Olympus immediately flew;
When old Thunder pretended to give himself air—
"If these mortals are puff'd their Scheme to pursue
"The devil a Goddell will stay above Stairs.
"Hark! already they cry, in transports of joy
"Away to the Song of Anacreon will fly
"And there with good Fellows, will learn to intertwine
"The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

B.
115.
The yellow hair'd god this rump fusty Maids
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,
Idalia will boast but of Tenants' shades
And the biforked hill a new desert will be
My thunder no less out, shall soon do its errand—
And damn me! I'll swing the ringleader's warrant
I'll trim the young dogs for their daring to twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

4.
Appollo rose up, & said, "Pray thee ne'er quarrel
Good King of the Gods with my votaries below
Your thunder is useless" — then shewing his lance
Cry'd, "Sie evitable fulmen you know!"
Then over each head, & my lance I'll spread
So my Song from your cracking no mischief shall do
Whilst they in their Club Room, they jovially town
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

5.
Next Morning got up, with his risible Shew
And swore with Appolo he'd cheerfully join
The tide of full Harmony still shall be his
But the Song, and the catch & the laugh shall
be mine.

142
Then, I say be not Seals, Of their honest Fellowship
Cry'd I say, "We relent, since the truth you now
And swear by old Styx, that they long shall intertwine
The Myths of Venus with Bacchus's Wine. —

6.
To Song of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;
Preserve unanimity, friendship, love;
Tis yours to support what's so happily plan'd;
Join in the sanction of Gods & the fiat of Love.
While thus we agree, our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united & free!
And long may the Song of Anacreon intertwine
The Myths of Venus with Bacchus's Wine.

1. Hail godlike Washington!
Hail Freedom's Chosen Son,
Born to Liberty's land.
While this great globe shall roll,
Thy deeds from pole to pole
Shall shake Columbia's Soul
With virtuous praise

Chorus.

143.
Millions unborn to save
Freedom to war he gave,
Liberty's Chief
Heroic God of War,
Seated in Victory's car,
Fame hail him from afar,
Vigilant's boast. —

Flourish of bliss adorn
The bright auspicious morn,
Breathing delight
Let the loud Canon roar,
Joyful from shore to shore,
Phoebus did ne'er explore
So happy a day

Chorus. Millions

3.
When Freedom's Atmosphere,
Clouded with gloomy Care
Washington view'd:
He with heroic pride,
Stem'd the Oppressing tide
And made the World decide
Bringing disgrace
Chor. Millions

When Howe with vernal hands,
 delug'd our pensive Lands,
 Britain's weak rods
 Making by seven delays
 Liberties cause to rain,
 To his immortal praise,
 Trenton forbade.

The Goddess of Peace to come
 Lightning with downy plume
 On Freedom's Shrine:
 She from fell Tyranny
 Uprooted Fair Liberty,
 And bid a world be free
 Through Washington.

Commerce unfurl her sails,
 Wafted by gentle gales,
 Over the deep:
 And in her smiling train
 Brings in her pleasing gain,
 And from the wealthy main
 Daily Freedom's gift.

Ambition's storm that blows
 Ruffles not his repose
 Bled in retreat:
 Wisdom persuasive flows
 Virtue reluctant glows,
 In speech and act he shows
 Friendship & Truth.

Guardian of civil Law
 Saviour of Freedom's cause
 Washington stands:

May his light spirit fly,
 And claim its native sky,
 Free from each earthly sigh,
 To Heaven ascend.

Chor. Millions yet

Finale.

Fitzroy

What true felicity I shall find,
When thou art join'd;
By fortune's kind,
How pleasing to me,
So happy to thee,
Such merit deserves rewarded.

Norah.

No future sorrow can grieve us,
If you will please to forgive us;
To each kind friend
Thus lowly we bend

Your pardon - with joy we're delighted,
Chor. No future sorrows to.

Patrick

With my commission, yet dearest life,
My charming wife,
When drum & life,
Shall beat up to arms
To plunder your charms,
In love, your poor soldier, you'll find me!

Kathleen.

Thus love my wish has granted,
I get the dear lad that I wanted;
Lads pleas'd with a duke,
When good Father Luke,

To my own little Dermot has join'd me,
Chor. Thus love &c.

Darby.

You impudent hussy, a pretty rake?
Oh, love you me?
But thank ye, Kate,
Your dear little Lad,
Will find that his pad
Has got a nice - kick in her gallop.

F. Luke.

Now Darby, upon my Salvation
You merit Excommunication,
In love best agree,

And shortly you'll see,
In Marriage I'll join tie you all up.
Chor. Now Darby &c.

Dermot

Dance take myself if I care a bean
For next I clear, we'll both be seen,
Myself & my Lads, next Monday at Mass,
And then we'll be coupled for ever.

Pat.

The laurel I've won in field, Sir,
Yet now, in a garden, I yield, Sir;
Nor think it a shame, your mercy to begim,
You mercy's my sword & my shield, Sir.

The laurel I have, Revive by your praise;
I'll get liberty your pardon;
Then be not jealous, with smiles you can cheer,
The power of your sweetest words.
Chor. The laurel I have, Revive by your praise &c.

Ye Saps so lovely, flock round in a throng
 A story I'll tell you, no faith 'tis a song
 It is all of me & another fair Maid,
 Whose delicate features my soul has betray'd.
 She's so gay & so merry & handsome likewise
 So white is her bosom & black are her Eyes
 The Ice round her heart I soon thaw'd by my Light
 She cry'd you bold Captain begone from my sight.
 Then whisper'd so sweetly Oh! how I delight
 In your Jaldoo, aloodle, rig merry go high
 Your bubhorum, gohorum the Joy of my Eye.

The time we appointed, I met her by Chance
 I trembled with Joy when I saw her advance
 I made her a bow & I took off my hat
 I kiss'd her sweet lips - but no matter for that
 Says she Oh! be easy, I vow & declare
 You've rumpled my Gucker & Tumbled my Hair
 She'd frown if she cou'd, but so gentle her Air
 She crys you bold Captain begone from my sight
 Then whisper'd so sweetly Oh! how I delight
 In your Jaldoo, aloodle &c.

The Laurel is dear to us Boys of the blade
 The myrtle of Venus shall be my Cockade
 The Vine bears the palm when we sing & Carouse
 But the Shamrock the wreath that shall crown ^{my brow} me
 Tho' Bacchus to list me may rattle his Cann,
 And Mars, like a serpent display his Rattan,
 A smile from fair Venus I am the Man
 For she crys you bold Captain begone from my ^{Light} sight
 Then whisper'd so sweetly come back in the night
 With your Jaldos, aloodle, rig merry go high
 Your bubhorum, gohorum the Joy of my Eye.

The Wanton 1. Maid.

As I chanced to rowe one night in the dark
 I was met on the green by a handsome spark
 He kiss'd me, he press'd me, he call'd me his dear,
 Talk'd of Rattines, of flames, & of passions sincere
 To his tale I attend'd resolv'd to show
 How far a young fellow's Assurance would go

2.
 Round my Neck like the Juy he folded his arms
 Each feature commended & dwelt on my charms
 With transport he rushed his hand to my breast
 But the Jewell of Disdain, repuls'd the bold guest.
 Yet soon to my shame, I was eager to know
 How far a young Fellows Assurance would go.

3.
 From my round taper'd leg to the top of my knee,
 As it loth to offend me he stole by degrees
 But my patience convinc'd him he'd not no rebuff
 He advanced & advanced till he felt something of
 Yet resolv'd I was I determin'd to know
 How far a young fellows assurance would go.

4.
 O'er my Face the rude monster my Petticoats cast
 And each delicate member lay bare to my waist
 With transport he flew, like a bird to its nest
 But my Modesty hinders my telling the rest,
 But I found what I often times wanted to know
 How far a young Fellows assurance will go.

1)
 The Spring with smiling Face is seen,
 To usher in the May
 And nature's clad in mantle green
 All spig'd with Flowers gay;
 The feather'd songsters of the Grove
 Then join in Harmony & Love.

2.
 The Lark that soaring cleaves the sky
 Low builds her humble nest
 The rambling Boy that finds the pig
 Is sure supremely blest.
 For when the tuneful Bird is flown
 He chases and marks it for his own

152. The Indian Chief.

The sun sets at night & the stars shew the day,
But glory remaining when the light fades away;
Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknornack shall never complain.

Remember your Chiefs by his hatchet laid low,
Remember the arrow he shot from his bow.
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from pain,
For the Son of Alknornack shall never complain.

Remember the woods where in ambush we lay,
The scalps which we bore from your nation away;
Now the flame rises high, you exult in my pain,
Yet the Son of Alknornack shall never complain.

I'll go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his Son;
Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain,
So the Son of Alknornack doth scorn to complain.

Twiggle & a Fix.

153.

London Town is just like a Barber Shop,
But by the Lord Harry 'tis wondrous big!
There the painted doll, & the powder'd Lof,
And many a blackhead wear a wig.
And I tickled each hair, with a twiggle & a fix;
With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle & a fixle,
With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle,
And a fixle, fixle, fixle;
And I tickled each hair, with a twiggle & a fix.
2.

A Captain of horse I went for to shave;
O, damme! says he, with a martial frown,
I poiz'd my razor like a Barber prave:
I took him by the nose; but he knock'd me down.
But I tickled &c.
3.

I next went to dress up a fine gattant Miss;
Down the lady gets her bosom bare;
Cupid or the devil made me seize a kiss;
But ere my Iron cool'd I was kick'd down stairs.
But I tickled &c.

I went to dress a Sanyer, O rare Sport!
 Who had a false Bath that day for to prove.
 By my skill fore trouble I paid the Count;
 For my Iron burnt yet I light-jenny's ear.
 So I tickled, &c.

I went for to dress up an old maids hair,
 Wrinkled & bald as a scalded pig;
 As she led the dance down with a smiling air
 The poor old Lady dropp'd her wig.
 So I tickled &c.

Watt to her ear kind gentle breeze.
 A hopeless Lover lay,
 Tell her, that while she lies at ease,
 I die! I die away

Thiss to her gentle Bosom bare
 And tell her all my pain
 And if one spark of Pities there
 Oh! I am! it to a Flame.

Wenn die Nacht mit stiller Ruh
 Längst den Müden lohnet
 Eil ich auf das Küsschen zu
 Wo mein Mädchen wohnet.
 Wunsch ich noch um Mitternacht
 Eine sanfte gute Nacht.

3.
 Flüstere Liebchen, schlafe wohl
 Fern sey jeder Kummer,
 Denn mein Herz ist liebevoll
 Selbst im tiefsten Schlummer
 Öfft im Traume, glaub es mir
 Schwör ich treue Liebe dir.

3.
 Wenn die Sterne groß u. klein
 Laß am Himmel stehen,
 Ich des Liebchens Angelein
 Kann im Schimmer sehen.
 Und ein Mäulchen noch zu letst
 Herze, Seel u. Sinn ergötzt.

O dan schlafe ich ruhig ein
 Freude mich nicht wenig
 Bin vergnügt u. kan es seyn.
 Mehr als wie ein König.
 Seiner Schätze seiner Macht
 Nehm ich nicht für solche Nacht.
Finie.

1)
 Blumen pflücken, Kränze wendend
 Und die blühende Natur.
 Süßer Athem u. Empfinden
 Ist das Glück der Liebe nur.
 Purpurfarbner glüht die Rose
 Pflücket sie mein geliebter nur.
 Taubt von mir der kleine Luse
 Liebt den wärmsten Kuß da für.

2)
 O wie süßeln jene Kinder
 Glück u. Frieden, Freud u. Ruh.
 Wenn wir uns zusammen finden
 Ung in ihrem Schatten zu.

Sanfter rauscht, wenn wir uns küssen
 Zephyr durch die Zweige hin
 Und wir sehn zu ein andern Füßen
 Balsamreiche Teichen blühen.

3.

Diese Königin der Nelken
 Soll voff mir sich darnon seyn
 Noch lebt sie, bald wird sie welken
 Welken u. dan nicht mehr seyn.
 Drum das Leben zu genießen
 Es sey noch so kurz gewest
 Lernt euch lieben, lernt euch küssen
 Und lebt zufrisch weil ihr lebt.

Mein gedenck ich, u. einfaßt entzücken
 Umbrömt die Seele, die dich liebte
 Dies ist einer von den Augenblicken
 Den du sparsam mir das Glücksaß giebst
 Eingefolgt trüber schwarzer Stunden
 Drängt sich dicht um meine Jugend her.
 Augenblicke sind mir froh verschwanden
 Aber Jahre, trüb u. freudenleer.

Ich dich mit, die die Liebe kannte
 Da schon war es als mein weiches Herz,
 Von der freundschaft süßer Lust entflammet
 Aber öfter von der freundschaft Schmerz.
 Ach! wie mancher riß von meiner Seiten
 Todt, dein Arm u. Tierung, du darbin,
 Wenig freude, viele bitterkeiten.
 Sind mein Loos, seit ich worden bin.

Theile nicht das Loos von diesen Tagen,
 Sanftes Mädchen Weine nicht um mich,
 Nicht zu Schweremut, nicht zu langer klagen
 Nur zur freude schuff der himmel dich.
 Ach, vergiß, vergiß was oft mit blicken
 Oft mit worten deine Seele sprach
 Sieh? den Leiden, welche mich jetzt drücken
 folgt vielleicht ein größeres Leiden nach.

Doch wenig mir einst Tage voll von freuden
 Gleich der Sonne aus trübem Nacht entsteht,
 Sanftes Märchen, daß so laß uns beyde
 Ihn vereint den pfad des Lebens gehn.
 Mit vereinigtem vergnügtem Herzen
 Danken wir der vorrichtung, daß das sie
 Endlich uns, nach überstandnem Schmerzen
 Den Genus des schönsten glücks verleiht.

1

Ach das Leiden meiner Seelen
 Stört auf Ewig meine Ruh.
 Und ich quäle, ach ich quäle
 Mich O Grab, O Grab du geh.
 Doch auch diese Qual ist süß
 Denn ich wein um dich Elise
 Theure Seele, Wein um dich.

2.

Höllst du Leben, wär mein Leben
 Meint es Thränen nicht für dich
 Da in diesem Seelen Leben
 Ist selbst Ruh, selbst Ruh für mich.
 Bis ich eine besser finde
 Und du um die Scheitel winde.
 Theure den Klang der Treu.

3

Hier will ich stets um dich Weinen
 Allenthalben wo ich bin,
 Und nach allen stillen Thänen,
 Sehnt dein Freund, dein Freund sich hin,
 Unbeläuscht von dir zu klagen,
 Blutend wird die Stimme rufen,
 Ach Elise ist nicht hier.
 4.

Ach! ich kenne keine Freuden
 Kann ohn dich nicht glücklich seyn,
 Theure du und mir uns beyden.
 Soll der Todt, der Todt allein
 Die gewünschten Freuden schenken
 Abend wird ich an dich denken.
 Ich seh dich Elise.

Mein Bruder! trink einmal
 Lass deine Schöne leben,
 Sie wird zur Dankbarkeit
 Dir tausend Küsse geben.
 Und bist du dann Fidel
 So denk auch dies dabey
 Lass an Fidelite
 Dein Kind die Ursach sey.
 2.

Ja, ja es leb das Kind
 Ich trinke auf ihr Vergnügen
 Und wünsche wohl einmal
 Die Spöde zu besiegen.
 Ich setze demnach an
 Ihr Brüder ruffet aus
 Es leb mein Mädchen hoch
 Es leb ihr ganzes Laus

Hat uns nicht Mahomet gehändlich betrogen
 Das er das Trinken zur Sünde gemacht,
 Hat uns der Prophet uns nicht glänlich belogen,
 Da er den Wein in Verachtung gebracht,
 Den wer ihn nicht trinket, den lebender Wein,
 Der muß ja ein Duzkopf, wie Mahomet seyn.
 2.

Könt er den Umgang mit Schönen erlauben
 Warum verbott nicht der falsche Prophet,
 Da ohne den Saft der gekelterten Trauben,
 Feuer u. Nahrung der Liebe entgeht
 Den wer den köstlichen Wein nicht genüßt
 Verdorret auch nicht, daß Loris ihn küßt.
 3.

Mache mich, Göttin der Liebe zum Trinken
 Wenn des Gesetz des Mahomet kann,
 Feiliche Reizung bey darrin bewirken
 Nimm dich O! Dürstung doch meiner jetzt an
 Und will mich die Liebe dem Muselman weihen
 So wünscht ich ein Trinken ein Deutscher zusehn.

11

Flieht ihr Sorgen, Kummer Jahre
 Laßt doch meinen Geist in Ruh
 Setzt mich bis zur Todten bahne
 Doch nicht stets so grausam zu.
 Kann ich nur zuweilen etwas Linderung sehn,
 Will ich auch die Stunden gerne überstehn
 Die mit Kummer angefüllt
 Ich will mich bescheiden
 Ohn Verdruß zu Leiden:
 Wenn ein freuden Wechsel gilt.

2.

Ich begehre kein Vergnügen
 Des beständig Dauern hält,
 Den ich traue des himels fügen
 Und was diesem Wohlgefällt.
 Störst heut ein Unglück meine frohe Lust,
 So empfange ich Morgen dich mit größerer Lust.
 Wenn die glücksel'ge Sonne prangt,
 Das die hohen Stunden
 Ich nur eingefunden:
 Und man endlich froh erlangt.

3.

Drum so laß das Schicksal toben
 Meine Lösung bleibt fest,
 Leichte Waaren schwärmen oben
 Wenn man sie ins Wasser läßt.
 Mich soll auch kein Unglück unterdrücken
 Denn ich weis mich schon davon zu scheiden.
 Obgleich stürmer Wetter droht
 Wollen Unglücks Wellen
 Mich zu Boden fällen:
 Hilft der himmel doch auch Noth.

Ohne Liebe:
 Lebe wer da kann,
 Wenn er auch ein Mensch gleich bleibe
 Bleibt er doch kein Mann.

2.

Süßer Liebe:
 Macht mein Leben süß
 Still in mir die süßen Triebe
 Sonder Hinderniß.

3.

Schmachten lassen:
 Sey der schönen pflicht
 Doch nicht wie schmachten lassen
 Dieser sey sie nicht.

11
 Wäre doch Lisette mein,
 O! wie glücklich könnt ich seyn
 Unter tausend Küssen
 Jeden Morgen grüssen.
 Jeden Morgen, Jeden Morgen,
 Jeden Morgen grüssen.

2.
 Keiner liebt sie so wie ich
 Aber ach sie flehet mich,
 Schon seit vielen Tagen,
 Muß ich um sie klagen,
 Muß ich um sie, muß ich um sie,
 Muß ich um sie klagen.

3.
 Seh ich sie von ohngefahr
 Und mein Herz ist noch so schwer
 Weg sind alle Sorgen
 Heiter ist der ^{Morgen} Heiter ist der :/
 Heiter ist der Morgen.

4.
 O! wie fröhlich ist das fest,
 Wenn sich Lütt sehen laßt,
 Wenn an meiner Seite
 Ich mein Mädchen setze
 Ich mein Mädchen :/
 Ich mein Mädchen setze.

5.
 Hab ich denn geschätzt genug
 O! daß steck ich meinen Pfing
 In die Trockne Erde
 Daß sie Locker werde,
 Daß sie Locker, daß sie locker
 Daß sie Locker werde.

11
 Bestätigt ihn, nach alter deutscher Weise
 Denn Bund, der uns vereint, :/
 Und trinket froh, ein treuer brüder Kreise
 Der Freund, bring es dem Freund :/

So rein, so gut, wie unsre Deutschen Leber
 Bleib ewig unsre Brust, i/;
 Denn Freund für Freundschaft Freundschaft wieder-
 Dies sey uns himmel Lust i/; —

3.
 Heil ihm! dem Bruder, der mit ^{herzen-} treuem
 Denn Bruder innig liebt i/;
 Uns füllt und - fernschafft wem bitter schmerzen
 Des freundes Auge trübt, i/; —

1.
 Heil allen uns, wenn keiner duseinrennen
 durch weidre Thatk entweicht i/;
 Wenn ewig uns, der Tugend ächter Sternhel
 Verhüllung windig bleibt, i/; —

1.)
 Die Zeiten Freunde sind nicht mehr
 Wo Treue u. Glauben galten.
 Jetzt sind die Worte halt u. Lehr
 Sonachters nicht die Alten.
 Wie mancher schwört Stein u. Bein
 Und nie trifft seine That mit ein,
 Wir wollen redlich seyn i/;

3.
 Dap Vater Noah Wein erfand
 Muß jeder Zweifel glauben
 Er schickt die Reben mit verstand
 Und kelberte die Trauben,
 Oft wenn sich seine Enkel freun
 Berauschen sie sich in dem Wein,
 Wir wollen mäßig seyn.

5.
 Die Pflicht befiehlt das Wohligehen
 Des Nächsten nicht zu meiden
 Man soll wenn andre hülflos stehn
 Sie speisen, träncken, kleiden,
 Ein wahrer Mensch fühlt ihre Pein
 Um ihnen hülf zu verleihen
 Wir wollen Menschen seyn.

Schenkt noch einmal die Gläser voll.
 Und tröset freundlich an.
 Dafs auch mein Mädchen leben soll
 Dañ sie gehört mir an.

2.

Gott hat sie mir ja zugesellt
 Du werden einst mein Weib
 Du seyn auf dieser Gottes Welt
 Mein liebster Zerstreuungsbreith

3.

Sie ist ja doch so sanft u. gut
 Und freundlich ist ihr Blick
 So machet frolich Herz u. Muth
 Und ist das Lebens glück

4.

Denn habt sie ehelich, lieb u. werth,
 Und schenkt die Gläser voll,
 Und trinkt hier, wo jung eini hört
 Auf allen Mädschen wohl.

4. Verse of Danish Sorrow.

When Death comes say honest Fellow
 Here's a glass prepar'd for thee
 Come & drink till thou art mellow,
 And like us, you shall be free.
 Death sit down we will have leisure
 Drinking can't be hurried up
 Join with us & follow us, &c. &c. Pleasure
 When our Wines out, then we'll go.

Danish Sorrow, grief & folly
 Thoughts unbend the wrinkling brow;
 Hence dull cares & melancholy
 When Death waits us now.
 Bacchus opens all his Treasures,
 Sorrow brings us wit & song;
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow please
 And let's join the jovial Song.

2.

Life is short, it's but a Season;
 Time is ever on the wing;
 Let the present Moment flourish
 Who knows what the next may bring.
 All my time I now will measure
 All dull cares, I now despise
 Then follow &c.
 To be happy's to be wise.

172.

3.

Wherefore should we thus perplex us,
 Why should we not merrily be;
 Since there's nothing here to vex us,
 Drinking sets our hearts all free.
 Let's have drinking without measure,
 Let's have mirth what time we have
 Then follow us.
 There's no drinking in the grave.

Poor Jack's Return.

What cheer my dear Polly - didn't I tell you as how
 That perhaps I should be coming back
 Now you plainly perceive that my words have come true
 So accept a Salute from poor Jack.
 My heart's rigid with truth & my honesty's tight
 Not a fibre of false colour I wear;
 And the Compass of Love has directed me right
 To be bless'd with the Charms of my Love.
 So ye see that the Chaplain may splice us in one;
 Let me flee thee to Hymen's kind throne
 For Jack is resolved untill that shall be done
 To Depart from his Polly no more.

2.

173.

Let our fine courtly lubber palaver I boast
 Who ne'er sail'd on Honesty's Main
 Let's cowardly skulk upon Flattery's Coast
 Such Duckancees I shun, I disclaim
 It ne'er shall be said that Jack yet has to learn
 How to guard such a consort as you.
 Do you think I'll crowd Canvass & drop you astern
 No I never my self if I do.
 So now my dear Girl let me take you in tow
 Since again I'm safe anchor'd ashore.
 For untill you the Chaplain I've plighted my Love,
 I'll depart from my Polly no more.

3.

Let the mild breeze of Virtue still waft your thro' Life
 By the Help of fair Constancy steers,
 Nor the rocks, nor the Shoals, nor the quicksands of strife
 Start my planks; if you ever need fear.
 Cause why, dye mermaid while that little sweet youth
 Lets smiling on Watch up above,
 Can the Tempest of Fate, snap the cable of Truth
 Or drag from the Anchor of Love.
 So coil up your Dainty my sweet Charmer, nor think
 To be wreck'd on Misfortunes Lee shore
 Should Adversity board us together will sink
 Ah never to part any more.

Oh my shipmates, remember, our Chaplain would say
 (On his log-book he preach'd to us oft) ^{St.}
 There's a mighty Commander, whom all must obey
 That will order good Christians Afloat;
 Then await my dear Girl, swab the lights of your face,
 Don't let sniveling your pleasure annoy, (Place
 O my Timbers; I like not such squalls to take
 On the smooth bosom'd Ocean of Joy;
 Bear a hand then my Love, with the current of bliss
 Let's be stretching for hymning kind shore,
 For untill we're United defend upon this
 I'll depart from my Polly no more.

Hans.

Heyda lustig, ich bin Hans
 Und bin ohne Sorgen,
 Freuden eines braven Manns
 Fühlt ich heut u. Morgen.
 Schulz und Anton sind mei' gut
 Schoppen und Gerichte
 Nennen mich ein ehliches Blut
 Und das hat gewichte.

Hanna.

Hans ist mein, was will ich mehr
 Ich bin seine Hanne
 O! ich lieb ihn gar zu sehr.
 Und was steht dem Manne.

Fleiß u. Arbeit können ihn
 Und ein guter Name,
 Hans u. Kinder seh ich blühen,
 Fehlt mir was zur Dame.

Hans.

Mein Frau ist schoner Wuth
 Wirt meine Hanne.
 Was ich Man von ihr begehrt
 Liebt sie ihrem Manne.
 Besser sie brachte mir nichts zu
 Als ein Stuck voll Treue,
 Aber braucht man mehr zur Ruh,
 Als das man sich freue.

Hanna.

Unser liebes kleines Hans
 Steht im sanftem Alter
 Sieht mein Hans nur freundlich aus
 O! so gleichts Nalstein.
 Kinder tanzen um uns her
 Die uns Gott gegeben
 Er und ich und ich und er
 Sind uns Welt u. Leben.

176.

Hans.

Unter Arbeit und ~~Arbeit~~ Getet
 Freichen unsere Stunden
 Was man frolich thut geräth
 Und wird kaum empfunden.
 Arbeit macht den Lebenslauf
 Noch einmal so munter
 Woher geht die Sonne auf
 Woher geht sie unter.

Hanna.

Wohl mir, dass ich Hanna bin
 Und dass Hans mich liebet
 Armut her, u. Armut hin,
 Macht mich nicht betrubet.
 Ich will keine Arbeit sehen,
 Die ein Dorf-weib schmücket
 Hanna sey u. Mutter sein,
 O das macht entzücket.

Hans.

Bin ich nicht ein ganzer Kerl
 Glücklicher als Städter,
 Meini Hanne meini Perl
 Sagt mir diez beröten.

177.

Ich will ungern Eelmann
 Pitterstich nicht leiden
 Heyda! lustig ich bin Hans
 Und bin voller Freuden.

A Sailor's Life at Sea.

1.
 When the Anchor weigh'd & the Ship unmoor'd
 And Landsmen lay behind Sir;
 The Sailor joyful ships on board
 And swearing, prays for a Wind Sir.
 Towing here, Towing there
 Steadily, Readily, cheerily, Merily,
 Still from care & thinking free
 Is a Sailor's Life at Sea.

2.
 When we sail, with a freshning Breeze
 And Landsmen all grow sick Sir.
 The Sailor lolly with his mind at ease
 And the Song & the Cannage quick Sir.
 Laughing here, Quapping there,
 Steadily &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep
 And sings to Landsmen dreary.
 The sailor hardly goes to sleep.
 Or takes his Watch most heavy.
 Boozing here, Snoring there.

4.

When the Sky grows black & the wind blows hard
 And Landsmen skulk below Deck
 Jack mounts up to the top-sail yard
 And turns his head as he goes Deck.
 Hauling here, Hauling there.

5.

When the foaming Waves run mountain high
 And Landsmen cry "It's gone Sir"
 The sailor hangs 'twixt Sea & Sky
 And he jokes with Harry Jones Sir.
 Dashing here, Dashing there.

6.

When the Ship dips & becomes a wreck
 And Landsmen hoist the Boat in,
 The sailor seems to quit the Deck
 While a single Plank is afloat in.
 Screaming here, Daring there.

Bob of y^e Mill.

My heart is as honest, & brave as the best,
 My Body's as sound as a Roach;
 'Tho' in gay fangl'd garments I never was drest
 Not stuck up by Rob in a coach;
 If Fortune refuses to flow with my stream
 My Sacks with her Piques to fill
 Why surely tis Fortune alone that's to blame
 And not honest Bob of the Mill.

2.

My breast is as artless, & blithe as my Lay
 From my cottage content never flies;
 She is sure to reward, the fatigue of the day
 And I know how, to value the price.
 Wants the girl that I love, then but give me her
 The world it may stay as it will.
 I defy the first Squire or Lord of the Land
 To dishonour plain Bob of the Mill.

Mein liebster Freund.

Mein liebster Freund, my dearest friend,
Who feel the pangs my bosom rend,
Come live with me, & let us strive
To keep affection's flame alive.

Mein liebster Freund,
Long have I lov'd Maria's form,
But ne'er her chilly heart could warm:
To you my grief I did impart
And found in you a mutual heart.

Mein &c.
My love forbids that I should hate
Though fair Maria mock my fate;
Still her & evermore must I love
And all who love her I will prove.
Mein &c.

But since I meet with no Return,
I fear I should not forever mourn;
Then let me bliss in friendship find,
And gain with you a peaceful mind.
I Mein liebster Freund.

Hail! Masonry divine,
Glory of Ages shine,
Long may'st thou hold;
Where'er thy Lodges stand,
May they have great Command,
And always grace the Land,
Thou art divine.

2.
Great Fabricks still arise
And touch the Azure Skies,
Great are thy Schemes,
Thy noble Orders are
Matchless beyond Compare,
No Art with thee can share,
Thou art divine.

3.
Darius the Architect,
Did all the Craft direct
How they should build;
Solomon, great Israel's King
Did mighty blessings bring
And left us Room to sing
Hail! Royal Art.

A Mason's Daughter fair & young,
 The pride of all the Virgin throng,
 Thus to her Lover said;
 Tho' Damon & your Flame approve,
 Your strong Aisic your passion love,
 Yet still I live & stand.

None shall untie my Virgin's Zone
 But one to whom the Society known,
 Of fam'd Free-Masonry,
 In which the great & good combine
 To raise with generous Design
 Man to Society.

The Lodge excludes the Top & Fool
 The plodding Knave & Party Fool,
 That Liberty would sell;
 The Noble, Faithful, & the brave,
 No golden Charming can ever deceive
 In Slavery to dwell.

This said he bow'd & went away
 Apply'd was made without delay,
 Return'd to her again;
 The fair-one granted his Request,
 Consubstantial Joys their Wives have blest
 And may they e'er remain. —
 To Masons & to Masons Wives,
 And those that lie in Masons Arms.

Money is your Friend.

Of Friendship I have heard much talk
But, you'll find in the end,
That if distress'd at any rate,
Then Money is your friend.

Yes Money is your Friend, is it not,
Yes Money is your friend is it not,
If it not, is it not pray tell me now,
Yes, Money, money money is your friend.

2.

If you are sick & like to die
And for the Doctor send
To him you must advance a fee
Then Money is your friend. Yes &c.

3.

If you should have a suit at Law
On which you much depend
You must pay the Lawyer for his brief
Then Money is your friend.

Then let me have but Stows of Gold
From Ills it will defend,
In every Exigence of Life
Dear Money is your friend.

Precious Goblet.

See the jolly God appears,
In his hand the bowl he bears,
Quaffing let me drown my care
And all thy noble spirit share.
Precious Goblet cup divine } Chor
Let me quaff thy Mosy Wine.

2.

Let my hoary honour grow
Wrinkles Time pass on my brow,
Let them come unheeded I stand
And grasp my goblet in my hand.

3.

Chor.

Cupid in my youthful hour
Led me captive of his power
Now with branches from the vine
I guard me from his dart divine.

Chor.

4.

Bacchus jolly God appear
None but Choicest friends are here,
Since thy oldest dearest task
And let us drain the frequent flask.

Chor.

Corporal Casey.

When I was at home I was merry & jisky
 My Dad kept a fig & my Mother sold Whisky
 My Uncle was sick but wou'd never be Easy,
 Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
 Ock! rub a dub, now de don, Corporal Casey.
 rub a dub, now de don Corporal Casey.
 My dear little Sheelah, I thought wou'd run away,
 Ock! when I tudy'd away with tough Corporal Casey.
 I march'd from Kilkenney, & as I was thinking
 On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
 But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy
 For fear of a drabbing from Corporal Casey.
 Ock! rub a dub, &c.
 The devil go with him, I ne'er cou'd be easy.
 He stuck in my skirts so, - Old Corporal Casey
 We went into Battle, - I took the blows fairly,
 That fell on my fate, but the botherid me rarely;
 And who should the first be that dropt, why a'nt I?
 It was my good friend - honest Corporal Casey;
 Ock! rub a dub, &c.
 Thinks I you are quiet & I shall be Easy,
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

The Boys of Saturday Night. 187.

'Tis said we venturous die-hards when we leave the Shore
 Our friends should mourn, lest we return
 To bless their sight no more;
 But this is all a Notion, bold Jack can't understand
 Some die upon the Ocean, Some on Land,
 Then since 'tis clear, how e'er we Steer
 No Man's life's under his Command;
 Let Tempests howl, & billows roll, & danger press,
 Of those in fite, there are some Boys
 Whose jolly Tans to bless
 For Saturday Night, still come my Boys,
 To drink to Roll & Drift.

One man hands the Sails, another Leaves the Log,
 The purser Sings, Our pay for Sleep
 The Landlord Sells us Grog
 Thus each Man to his Station, To keep Life's Ship in trim,
 What anxious Vocation Thru' in fortunes Whim,
 Cheerly, my hearty, Then Men your party,
 Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim,
 The mighty sarge, Magnanimous, And danger press,
 Chorus. Of those in fite, there are some Boys
 For all the world just like the ropes aboard a Ship,
 Each Man's rig'd out, A vessel stout
 To take for Life a trip,
 The shrouds & stays & braces, the jibs & hanes & haws
 The haliards, sheets & trices, still as each Man's own
 And when prevail, Direct the Sails
 As on the Sea of Life he steers
 Then let the storm, & every face deform & danger press,
 Chorus
 Of those in fite there are some Boys &c.

188. Poor Tom or the Sailors Epitaph.

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowlin
The darling of our crew

No more shall hear the tempest howling

For death has broach'd him too,

His form was of the manliest beauty

His heart was kind & soft

Faith full below he did his duty

And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed

His virtues were so rare

His friends were many, & true hearted,

His poll was kind & fair;

And then he'd sing so blithe & jolly,

Ah! many's the time & oft,

But mirth is turn'd to Melancholy

For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,

When he who all commands

Shall give, to call life's crew together

The word to pipe all hands.

Thus death who Kings & Dons dispatches,

In vain Tom's life has doped,

For though his body's under hatches

His soul is gone aloft.

Jolly Dick.

189.

I'm jolly like the Samplicker

They say the Sun's my head

And truly I believe it Sir,

For I'm a pretty Lad,

Father & I the world delight

And make it look so gay.

The difference is I light by night

And father lights by day.

|| But father's not the likes of I,

For knowing Life & Fun,

For I strange tricks & fancies spy

Folks never knew the M.N.

Request, Grog. What's, can't bear the light

I've heard your Whiskeys say

And so de's mind I see at night

Things never seen by day.

|| At night when lay aside all got

As quite all else's task,

And many a face & many a heart

Will then pull off the Mask.

Each formal pride, & holy weight

Will throw disguise away

And sin it openly at night

Who fainted it all day.

190.

His darling hoard the miseries
 "And whores" from Friends' dreams
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country o'er his lamp.
 No father & I dye take me right
 As just on the same lay
 I bare faced sinners light by night
 And he false Saints by day

"misses"

Back in his Element.

Bold Jack the Sailor here I come.
 May none dye like my rib
 My trousers wide, my tramping kum
 I jolly Rab flowing lib.
 I sail the seas from end to end
 And lead a jovial life
 In every mess I find a friend
 In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of constancy
 Of grief, & such like pain,
 I've Constant been to Ben, cried I
 But never given it for one.
 The flowing Sails we carry intend
 To lead a roving life
 In every mess I find a friend
 In every port a wife.

191.

I've a spanking Wife at Portsmouth gates
 I begin at Gorge,
 An Orange-tawny up the Street
 A black at St. Julie.
 Thus whatever course I bend
 I lead a jovial life
 In every mess I find a friend.
 In every port a wife.

Well Capt by death was ta'en a back.
 I came to bring the News
 That whimp'd fore, but what did lack
 Why, stood in Williams Shoes.
 She gut, I chased, but in the end
 She lov'd me as her life
 And so she got an honest friend
 And I a loving wife.

Thus be ye Sailors all the go
 On Fortune's sea we cut
 We work, & Love, & fight the foe
 And drink the generous buck.
 Storms that the Mast to splinters send
 Can't shake our jovial life,
 In every mess we find a friend
 In every port a wife.

192. "No Song no Supper."

Across the Downs this Morning
As by times I chanced to go
A Shepherd had his flock abroad
All white as driven Snow.

But one was most the Shepherd's care,
A Lamb so sleek, so plump, so fat;
Its wondrous beauties in a word
I do let you fairly know,
'Twas such as Kelly from the Fair,
Took off not long ago.

This Lamb so blithe as midsummer,
His frolic gambols play'd
And now of all the flock a head
The pretty Wanton stray'd
A Wolf that watch'd with greedy Eyes
Rush'd forth & seiz'd the tender prize,
The Shepherd saw & rais'd a stone
So round, so large, & soon
'Twas like the cake that Melly laid
Upon the Shelf just now.

This monstrous stone the Shepherd flung,
And well his aim he took;
Yet scarce the Savage creature design'd
Around to cast a look.

But fled as swift, with footsteps light, 193.
As he who brought the Wine to night.
I tried to stop the thief, but he
Turn'd round in rage, good luck!
So now the Lamb's scarce can be,
Throb' his in yonder sack.

Saturday Night at Sea.

'Twas Saturday Night the twinkling Stars
Shone on the rippling Sea,
No Duty call'd the jovial tars,
The Helm was lash'd alee;
The ample CWN adorn'd the board
Prepar'd to see it out,
Each gave the Lads that he ador'd
And push'd the gag about.
Gruel, honest Tom my Peg I'll toast,
A Frigate Boat & I'll him,
All jolly Portsmouth's favorite boat
I'll venture Life & Limb;
Sail for in long years I never see Land
With dauntless heart & stout,
So tight a Vessel to command
Then push the gag about.
Hester

194

I'll give credit little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in Comely Galleys,
For can't failly set he is so tall
She looks like a first Mate;
Oh! would she take her Jack in tow
A Voyage for Life throughout,
No better birth I'd wish to know.
Then push the Grog about.
"I'll give credit I, my charming Nan,
For handsome, neat & tight,
What joy so fine a Ship to Man.
Oh! she's my heart's delight,
So well she bears the storms of Life
I'd sail the world throughout
Brave every toil for such a Wife,
Then push the Grog about.
Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till summon'd by the empty can,
They to their Hammocks chide:
Yet still did they their vigils keep
Though the huge can sways but
For in soft visions gentle sleep:
Still pushed the Grog about.

The Irish Drinking Song. 195
Of the Ancients is speaking my soul you'd be
That they never got how come you so after,
Would you seriously make the good folk die with laughter
To be sure their Dogs Tricks we don't know;
Chor:
With your small illegit nonsense & all your queer boddeons
Thinie Whiskys a Liquor of drink,
To be sure the old Ancients as well as the moddems,
I did not love a dry sup of good Wine.

2.
Spicing & Esop, as Authors assure us,
Would sing till as drunk as a Beast,
Then what do you think of that Rogue Epicurus,
Was not he a tight hand at a Feast.
Chorus. &c.

3.
Alexander the great at his Banquets who drank ^{hard}
When he was more Worshy could subdue,
Shed tears to be sure but 'twas tears of the tankard
To refresh him and pray would not you.
Chorus. &c.

4.
Then that father old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
Such a Devil of a Tippler was he,
That one night having taken too much of his bottle
He lay staggy into the sea. Chor:
Then they made what they call'd of their wine a
Whisk as all out honest & notes Libation
They threw on the ground & may what moderation
To be sure was not shown down their throats
Chorus. &c.

Diddins poor Jack.

So flatter to Subbers & Swabs do ye see,
 'Tis not danger & fear the like
 A light Water Boat & good Sea room give me
 And 'till to a little I'll strike,
 Tho' the Tempest top gallant masts smack, smooth
 And fencer each splinter of Wood, ^{should smite}
 Clear the wreck, stow the huds, & bouse give thing tight,
 And under reef'd fore sail will sail,
 Avast, nor don't think me a Milk sop so soft,
 To be taken for Trifles a back,
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft
 To keep Watch for the Life of poor Jack.

Why I heard the good Chaplain Palaver one day,
 About Souls, Heaven, Mercy, & Luck,
 And my Winkers what Sing he'd coil & delay,
 Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch,
 But he said how a Sparrow can't founder dye see,
 Without Order that come down below,
 And many fine things that provid' clearly to me,
 That Providence takes us in tow,
 For say s he do you mind me, let Horry'ers so oft,
 Take the top lefts of Sailors a back,
 There's a sweet little Cherub sits perch'd up aloft,
 To keep watch for the Life of poor Jack.

I said to our Doll, for you see she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd, Anchor for Sea,
 What Argus's falcon & piping your Eye
 Why what a damned fool you might be,
 Can't you see the Woods' wide & thrum room for us all,
 Both for Seamen & Subbers on Shore,
 And if to old Larry I should go, friend roll
 Why you never will hear of me more
 What then ails a Laxan, come, don't beg off,
 but Perhaps I may laughing come back
 For dye see there's a Cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep Watch for the Life of poor Jack.

Dye mind me, a Sailor should be wary Jack,
 All as one as a piece of the Ship,
 And with her brave the world, without offering to
 From the Moment the Anchors a trip, "flineh"
 As to me in all Weather, all times side & end
 Thought's a trouble from Duty that's prings,
 My Heart's my Hell's & my Rhine my Friends,
 And as for my Life, 'tis the things
 Even when my Time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As with grief to be taken a back,
 That same little Cherub that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

8.
Amor lächelt hohen Bechern
Wonne schwebt um ihn u: heil
Unter Laßt bekränzten Bechern
Spitzt er schärfen seinen Pfeil:
Brüder! auf die Becherwinken
Amor Ehre eing zu trinken :||

2.
Jedes Mädchen solle leben
Das der becher zärtlich macht
Dass bei Küsse - nehmen - geben.
Freundlich uns entgegen lacht.
Brüder auf! die ^{Mädchen} winken
Küssend ihnen zugutrinken :||

3.
Welche wonne! welch entzücken!
Halt bei Wein u: halt bei Laß!
Mund an Mund u: Laß zu trinken
Vom Genuß zum Genuß.
Laßt uns küssen, laßt uns trinken
Weil uns das u: Mädchen winken.

4.
Ha! es schwebet mit Flügel eile
Jede Lippe nach Genuß
Jedes Tröpfchen wird zum Pfeile.
Jede Munde heil ein Kuß
Brüder, auf! die Mädchen winken
Sich in ihren Arm zu senken.

5. 199.
Nagte Wirthin solle Leben,
Die uns doppelt zärtlich macht,
Und bei Küsse - nehmen - geben.
Freundlich uns entgegen lacht.
Brüder, bis die Sterne sinken
Laßt uns küssen, Laßt uns trinken.

I'm in haste.

As cross the field the other Morn
I trip'd so blithe & gay
The Squire with his dog & gun
By chance came by that way.
Wither so fast sweet maid he cry'd
And caught me round the waist.
Pray stop a while, dear Sir said I,
I can't for I'm in haste.

2.
You must not go as yet, cried he,
For I have much to say:
Come sit you down, let us Chat
Upon this new mown Hay;
Verte.

I've lov'd you long, I oft have wish'd,
 Those Ruby Lips to taste;
 I'll have a Kiss, well then said I,
 Be quick for I'm in haste.

3
 Just as I spoke I saw young Hodge,
 Come thro' a neigh'ring gate;
 He caught my hand & said dear girl
 I fear I've made you wait.
 But here's the Ring, come, let's to Church,
 The joys of Love to taste;
 I left the Squire, laughing said,
 You see Sir I'm in haste.

Women, War & Wine.

Battle first my Soul employs
 Next comes Love with all its Toys
 And Liquor crowning my daily joys
 Next comes Love wit' all its Toys.
 Give me then, ye Powers divine
 Give me Women, War & Wine,
 Give me Women, Charming Women,
 Give me Women War & Wine.

2
 Battle makes me madly vain,
 Love pops in & cools the flame,
 But Liquor makes me mad again
 Love pops in and cools the flame.
 Give me then 3.

3
 Let me fight & never fly
 Let me love & never sigh
 Let me drink untill I die
 Let me love untill I die.
 Give me then 4.

The disconsolate Sailors Return.

1
 Once more I'm return'd to my own
 Which I left when dejected, so heartless & poor
 Each Face seem'd indignant to try;
 I sought for relief on the perilous main,
 And Fortune she cheer'd my poor heart once
 When I brav'd the caprice of the sky.

Though death seem'd impatiently waiting around
 With sharp pointed light ning & Thunder profound,
 Circled in ^{the} Turbulent Wind
 When calm has returned, I have said to each
 Tho' the Heavens have frowned, there's nothing ^{to} ^{be} ^{feared}
 So much as the frowns of Man kind.

I had not forgot ³ how my heart was oppress'd
 And scorn'd ³ for by those whom I'd often caus'd,
 And parted my penny so free;
 But if ever some fortune should leave me again
 No more shall ingratitude give me a pain.
 I'll seek for resource on the Sea.

The Constant Sailor.

The Tar, a jolly Tar that can hand reef & steer,
 That can nimble cast off the lay
 Who in darkest of night finds each halliard & gear,
 And dead reck'ning knows well & lee way
 But the Tar to please me, more jolly must be
 He must venture for Money ashore
 He must rattle & in Battle:
 Brave danger & dying, tho' bullets are flying
 And fifty things more
 Singing, quaffing, dancing, laughing
 Take it cheerily & merrily
 And all for the sake of his girl ashore.

The Tar's a jolly Tar who his Rhine will spend
 Who up for a messmate will bring,
 For we sailors all think he that's true to his friend,
 Will never be false to his King.
 But the Tar to please me, More jolly must be
 He must venture for money ashore
 Acting duly, kind & thrifty
 And nobly inherit, a generous Spirit.

A prudent one more
 Singing, laughing, dancing, quaffing
 Take it cheerily & merrily
 And constant return to his girl ashore.

The Tar's a jolly Tar who loves a beauty bright
 And at sea often thinks of her charms
 Who toast her with glee on a Saturday night
 And wishes her mood in his arms
 But the Tar to please me more jolly must be,
 Though teased at each post by a rose
 He must, sneering, at their jeering
 Never study to delight them, but scorn at slight them
 Still true to the fore!

Singing, laughing, dancing, quaffing
 Take it cheerily & merrily
 And Constant return to his girl ashore.

When we are Married.

1)
I tremble to think that my Soldier's so bold
To see with what Danger he gets all his Gold;
Yet Danger all over 'twill keep out the Cold,
And we shall be warm when we're Married.

2.
For Riches 'tis true that I covet them not,
Unless 'tis to better my dear Soldier's Lot,
And he shall be Master of all I have got
The very first moment we're Married.

3.
My heart, how it beats, but to look to the day,
In Church, when my father will give me away,
But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many say,
A Day or two after we're Married.

Bill Bobstay.

Tight Sacks have I sail'd with, but none ev' so sightly,
As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind & so true;
He'd sing like a Mermaid, & foot it so lightly
The fore-castle's pride, the Delight of the Crew.
But poor as a Beggar, & often in Tatters,
He went, tho' his Fortune was kind without End.
For Money eyed Bill & them there sort of matters;
What's the good o' it, d'ye see, but to succour a friend.

There's Ripecheese the purser, by grinding & squeezing,
First plundering, then leaving the Ship like a reel
The idly of Fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts fierce as fire, a dog vane in his hat;
My bark, tho' hard stormy on Life's ocean should rock her
Tho' she roll in misfortune, I fetch end for end;
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the Locker,
When by handing it out, he can succour a friend.

3.
Let them throw out their wives, & say spite of the wives,
And forgetful of toil that so hardly they labor,
That Saylor at Sea earn their Money like Horses,
To squander it idly, like asses on shore;
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they measure
By their feeling, the generous delight without end,
That gives birthing Tars, to that truest of pleasure
The handling our Men, to succour a Friend.

4.
Why what's all this nonsense they talk of & bother,
All a bout rights of Man, what a plague are they at,
If they mean that each man to his mess mate's a brother,
Why the lubberly swab, every Jockean tell that;
The rights of us Britons, we know to be loyal,
In our Country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the ears, to protect the blood loyal
To be true to our Wives - & succour a friend.

206. The Triumph of Wine.

What though from Venus Cupid sprung, No attribute divine
What e'er the bawling bards have sung
Had he his Bow, till Bacchus strung
And dipp'd his Darts in Wine.
Till old Silenus plung'd the Boy, In Nectar from the Vine
Then love that was before a Toy, Became the power of mortals
The Usher shook his drowsy wings
And careless levelled crowns & things
Such power has mighty Wine.

When Theseus on the naked Shore
Fair Ariadne left
Dye think she did her fate deplore
Or her fine Locks or Bosom tore
Like one of hope bereft
Not she indeed her fleeting Love
From Mortal, turns divine
And as gay Bacchus Lygers move
His Car ascends amidst a grove
Of Vines surrounded by a throng
Who lead the jolly pair along
Almost half gone with Wine.
Ma'am Helen lov'd the Phrygian Boy
He thought her all his Town
But hottest love will soonest cloy
He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
But for the Wife of Thore
She merry Gossip mix'd a Cup
Of simple right divine.

207.

To keep loves flagging spirits up
And Helen drank it every sup,
This liquor is 'mongst learned Elves
Neper the call'd but 'twixt ourselves
'Twas nothing more than Wine.

Of Lethe & its flowery brink
Let rusty Rocks prate
Where thirsty souls are said to drink
That never they again may think
Upon their former fate.

What is there in this soulless lot
I pray you so divine
Grief finds the palace & the lot
Which for a time were well forgot
Come here then in our Lethe share
The true Oblivion of your Care.

Is only found in Wine.
Honor fills a Sailors Mind.

While high the foaming surges rise
And pointed Rocks appear,
Loud thunders rattle in the Skies
Yet Sailors must not fear.
In storms in wind, their duty mind
Aft' below, they cheerful go,
No reef or stee as 'tis design'd
No fears or dangers fill the mind.

208.

The signal for the fight is made.
 The haughty foes in sight
 The Bloody flag aloft displayed
 And fierce the dreadful fight
 Each minds his gun, No dangers shun
 Aloft below, They cheerfully go
 Though Thunder roar yet still we find
 No fear among the Sailing mind.

The Storm is hush'd the Battles o'er
 The Sky is clear again.
 We toss the banner to those on shore
 While we are on the Main.
 To Poll and Sue, sincere & true
 The brog goes round, With hagen crown'd
 In War or Peace alike you'll find
 That Honor fills a Sailor's mind.

Every Inch a Sailor.

The wind blew hard the sea ran high
 The dingy send drove over the sky
 All was safe stor'd the vessel was stung
 When cables thus Red Hawlyard sung:
 A sailor's life's the life for me, he takes his duty merely
 If winds can whistle he can sing
 Still faithful to his friend & King:
 He gets beloved by all the ship
 And toasts his girl & drinks his slip.

Down topgalls boys the gale comes on
 To strike top gallant yards they run,
 And now to hand the sail prepared,
 Ned, cheerfull sings upon the yard,
 A sailor's life's the.

A leak, a leak - come lads be bold,
 There's five foot water in the hold,
 Eager on deck see Hawlyard jump
 And harp while working at the pump.
 A sailor's life's the.

And see the vessel nought can save,
 She strikes & sinks a watery grave,
 Yet Ned preserved with a few more,
 Sings, as he treads a foreign shore.
 A sailor's life's the.

And now - unnumbered perils past,
 On land as well as sea - at last,
 In tattery to his Poll & home
 See honest Hawlyard singing come.
 A sailor's life's the.

Yet for poor Hawlyard what disgrace
 Poll swears she never saw his face,
 She damns her for a faithless she,
 And singing goes again to sea,
 A sailor's life's the.

The flowing Vann.

A sailor's life's a life of Woe, He works now late, now early,
Now up & down, now to & fro, What then he takes is cheerily,
A Bless'd with a smiling ban of grog,

He duty call, Stand, rise or fall.

To Jolly's last verge hell, or

The badge to weigh, The ship's belly,

He does it with a Hiccup,

To heave the lead, or to Jolly Head,

The pond'rous line or jib.

For while the Grog goes round, All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a Man.

We sing a little, & laugh a little

And work a little, & swear a little

And fiddle a little, & foot it a little,

And Jiving the flowing Vann.

Howling winds, & roaring seas, Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease, for Jolly's to Jive a stranger

Bless'd with the smiling Grog, we fly

Where now below, the headlong go

Now rises on Mountains high.

Spots of the Gale, We haul the Jail,

Or take the needful keel,

Or man the deck, To clear some wreck

To give the ship Relief.

Though peril's threat around, All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a Man.

We sing a little &c.

But yet think not our case is hard, the storm at Sea thus threat
For coming home (a sweet reward) with smiles our sweet hearts greet

Now to the friendly grog we clasp,

Our Amorous Coast, Ever we show most,

And Jolly sing & Laugh.

The early we feel then, for each girl,

The Petticoat display.

The deck we clear Then three times cheer

As we then charm's Jurvey.

And then the grog goes round, All sense of danger's drown'd,

We despise it to a Man,

We sing a little &c.

1.

From night till morn I take my glass,

In hopes to forget my Chloë.

But as I take the pleasing draught

They ne'er the less before me.

Chorus

Al! no, no, no, Wine cannot cure

The pain I endure for my Chloë.

2.

To Wine I flew to ease the pain

Her beautiful Charms created

But Wine more firmly bound the chain

And Love would not be cheated.

Chorus

Al! no, no, no, Wine cannot cure

The pain I endure for my Chloë.

From aloft the sailor looks around
 And hears below the murning billows found:
 Far off from home he counts another day,
 Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away:
 His courage wants no whet,
 He springs the sail to set
 With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
 And caring nought
 He turns his thought
 To his lovely Sue, or his charming Bet.:

2.

Now to heave the lofty topmast soars
 The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars:
 Now Oceans deepest gulfs appear below
 The curling surges foam, the curling surges foam
 The curling surges foam & down we go.
 When sky & seas are met
 They his courage serve to whet
 With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
 And dreading nought
 He turns his thought
 To his lovely Sue, or his charming Bet.:

The Bar for all Weather.

I sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My Sib how it smack'd that the breeze
 Shis a vessel as light to my Nancy
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas;
 Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain
 Our girls our dear Native Shore,

For if some hard Rock we should split on
 We shall never see them any more.

Chor:
 But sailors were born for all weather,
 Great gung let it blow high blow low,
 Our heels keeps us to our tether,
 And where the Gale drives we must go.

2.

When we entered the Gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought I had sunk:
 For, the wind so began for to alter,
 She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.
 The squall tore the mainsail to shivers
 Brought a weather, the hoarse Boatwain cry
 Brace the foresail - ahew! - see she quivers
 As through the rough tempest she flies.
 But Sailors &c.

3.

The Storm came on thicker faster,
 As black just as pitch was the Sky
 When truly a doleful disaster
 Befel three poor Sailors &c.
 Our Barthine Sam Throu'd Dick Handrail
 By a blast that came furious & hard
 Just while we were furling the mainsail,
 Were wing & soul swept from the land.
 But Sailors &c.

Poor Ben. Sam I didk creed Peccavi,
 As for I, at the risk of my neck
 While they sunk down in peace to old days
 Caught a rope, & so landed on Heck.
 Well, what you have, we were stranded
 And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred that saild, never landed
 But I, & (I think) twenty two.

But Sailors &c.

After thus we at Sea had miscarried,
 Another que's way sat the Wind:
 For to England I came, & got married
 To a Lass that was comely & kind.
 But whether for joy or vexation
 We know not for what we were born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind station
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

But Sailors &c.

Duxom, Nan
 The Wind was hush'd the storm was over,
 Unfurld it was every flowing sail
 From toil released when Dick & Dover
 Went with his Mesmates to regale.
 All dangers o'er creed the my neat Leath
 Drawn in then in the smiling Can,
 Come bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts
 And first I'll give my Buxom Nan.

This none of they that's always gicing
 And stern & stern made up of Art;
 One knows a Vessel by her rigging
 Such ever slight a Constant heart,
 With straw hat & pink streamers flowing
 How oft to met me has she been,
 While for dear life would I be rowing
 To meet with smiles my Buxom Nan.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,
 To see him store when he came back;
 The girls were so all off the hinges
 This roll was quite unknown to Jack;
 Tant masted all, to see who's tallest
 Breast works, top ga'nt sails & a Van.
 Mesmates, creed I more sail than Ballast
 And still give me my Buxom Nan.

None on life's sea can sail more quicker
 To shew her love or serve a friend
 But hold I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
 This one word then I there an end;
 Of all the wenches whatsoever,
 I say, then find me out who can,
 One half so true, so kind, so clever,
 Sweet, trim, & neat, as Buxom Nan.
 One half so true, so kind, so clever,
 Sweet, trim, & neat as Buxom Nan
 Sweet, trim, & neat as Buxom Nan.

Marseilles Hymn.

Arise ye generous Youth of France,
 And mark the glory of this day,
 'Gainst us the Tyrant throng advance,
 And high the bloody Flag display. ¶
 Our fields ferocious hirlings done,
 And find fierce howlings to the Sky
 They come from your Arms they hear
 Your matting Babes who bleeding die
 Chorus.

To Arms ye Patriot Band!
 In firm Battalions rise
 March on, March on
 Let blood disguise
 Your own native Land.
 We march, we march
 Let Blood disguise
 Our own native Land.

2. What would this Herd of conjur'd Kings,
 Vile slaves & traitors, ghastly throng,
 For whom the Chain ignoble brings
 The Bondage we have suffered long; ¶
 In vengeance French let every breast
 With swelling transport ceaseless burn.
 Fair freedom teaching to detest
 The Slavery they bid return.
 To Arms &c.

3. What! would this proud outlandish Joes
 Be legislators in our Land,
 What! would these hireling crowds oppose.
 And lay in dust our warlike Bands; ¶
 Great God! shalt then the enslaving Rod,
 Subject us to our former State?
 Shall a vile despot's sov'reign Nod
 Decide at will our afflict fate.
 To Arms &c.

4. Our Warriors now the glory share
 By them you fall, by them succeed,
 Spare then the wretched victims spare,
 We arm to die, or make you bleed. ¶
 But lo! these sanguinary Lords,
 Joyous exert their savage power
 These bloody Tygers, left their swords
 And their own country's peace devour.
 To Arms &c.

5. Tremble, proud Tyrants, traitors blush,
 Quick, quick resign the victors plume
 The Arm of Justice rais'd to crush,
 Descends & you must meet your doom. ¶
 All, all are soldiers now in France,
 And should we fall new Legions rise
 Our youth to join the fight advance,
 And learn all dangers to despise.
 To Arms &c.

(The Children)

With joy we will assume the Trust
 When down death's hill our fathers roll,
 Then shall we find the sacred dust,
 Will animate the inspiring soul.
 Less zealous to survive our Sires
 Than share the graves we all condemn,
 Their Song a glorious pride inspires
 To avenge their wrongs or follow them.

To Arms &c.
 Oh, "sacred love of Country" aid
 Our vengeful Arms, our footsteps guide
 And Liberty celestial Maid
 Adhere to thy defenders side.
 When Victory our Tents shall leave
 To spread the joyous tidings round,
 Thy triumph, O our Fame shall give,
 Our Enemies, their dying wound.

To Arms &c.
 Our native soil & social love
 Together limit our desires,
 Then we let our souls improve
 The glow that virtuous wish inspires.
 By union shall our power increase,
 Our Enemies shall hug their chains
 And then the happy French shall cease
 To chant the harsh incongruous strain.
 To Arms ye Patriot.

O! Dear what can the matter be. 219.

O! dear what can the matter be
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be
 O! dear what can the matter be,
 Johnny's so long at the Fair.
 He promises to bring me a fairing woud' please
 And then for a kiss the woud' he woud' take me,
 He promises to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
 To tie up my bonny brown hair.

2.
 O! dear what can the matter be,
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be,
 O! dear what can the matter be,
 Johnny's so long at the Fair.
 He promises to bring me a basket of posies
 A garland of Lilies, a garland of Roses
 A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
 That tie up my bonny brown hair.

Jack at the Windlafs.

Come all hands ahoy to the Anchor
From our friends & relations to go
Pell blubbery & cries, devil thanks her
Shall soon take another in tow.
This breeze like the old one will kick us
About on the Boisterous main
And one day if death should not trick us
Perhaps we shall come back again.

Chorus.
With a will ho then pull away jolly Boys
At the mercy of fortune we go.
Were in for't they damn me what jolly boys
For to be down hearted for no.

2.
Our Boatswain takes care of the rigging
More preciously when he gets drunk
The Booby stays supplies him with swigging
Be the cable cut up for old junk.
The Sudden sail serves for his hammock
With the clue lines he bought him his call
While Ensigns and Jacks in a marmalade
He sold to buy trinkets for poll. Chor.

3.
Of the person this here is the manner
Stop, grog & provision he sakes
How he'd look if you was but to ax him
With the Captain's Clerk who tis goes snacks.
O he'd find it a gooder guess story
That would bring his head back to the cot
If his Majesty's honor & glory
Was only just about that. Chor.

Our Chaplain both holy & Godly
And sets us for heaven agog
Yet to my mind he looks rather oddly
When he's swearing & drinking of grog.
When he took on his knee Betty Bonter
And talk'd of her beauty & charms
Cried I which is the way to heav'n now Sir
Why you dog cried the Chaplain, her arm
The gunners a devil of a lubber
The Carpenter can't fish at mast
The Surgeons a lazy land lubber.
The Master can't steer if he's ast.
The Lieutenant's conceit are all wrapt in,
The states hardly merit their flip
Nor is there a quab but the Captain
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.
Now fore and aft, having abus'd them
Just but for my Fancy & Gig
Could I find any one that I us'd them
Damn me but I'd tickle his wig.
Jack never was known for a railer
Twas fun wiv word that I spoke
And the sign of a true hearted Sailor
Is to give and to take a good joke.
With a will so be.

The Pipid so Sweet.

When rural Sads & Lazes gay
Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,
When round the May pole on the green
The rustic Dancers all are seen;
Twas there young Locket met my view
His like before I never knew.
He pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay
Alas he danc'd my heart away,
He pip'd so sweet, He pip'd so sweet,
He pip'd so sweet & danc'd so gay
Alas he stole my heart away,
Alas he stole my heart away.

At Eve when Cakes & Ale went round
He plac'd him next me on the ground,
With harmless mirth and pleasing jest
He shone more bright than all the rest;
He talk'd of love & press'd my hand
Ah! who could such a youth withstand,
Well pleas'd I heard what he could say
Alas he talk'd my heart away,
And he pip'd so sweet &c.

He often heav'd a tender sigh
While rapture sparkled in his eye
No winning was his face and air,
It might the coldest heart ingoare.

But when he ask'd me for his Bride;
I promis'd soon & soon comply'd,
What Nymph on earth could say him nay
His Charms must steal all hearts away.
And he pip'd so sweet &c.

The Sailor Boy Capering ashore.

Poll danc' it how dy'e do, Nan won't you give a kiss
Why what's to do with you, Why her's a pretty fust:
Say shall we kiss & top, I goes to sea no more
O I'm the Sailor Boy, A Capering ashore.

Further he apprentic'd me, All to a Coasting Ship
I being resolv'd dy'e see, To give them all the Slip.
I got to Yarmouth Fair, Where I had been before.
So Father found me there A Capering ashore.

Next out to India, I went a Guinea Pig
We got to Table Bay But mind a pretty rig.
The Ship driven out to sea Left me & many more
Along with the Bottom pots, A Capering ashore.

I lov'd a bit of hop, Life's neer the worse for't
If in my wake should drop, A Fiddle that's your fort.
Thrice turn'd up a boy, Once get the Labor lost
Then see the Sailor Boy, A Capering ashore.

Buac' aill lion deoc' for Dennis O'Neal.
 Arrah Tippoo, your Highness, give over your pen,
 By my soul you have got the wrong Son by the Tail.
 I'm neither Widow nor Maid, but a Soldier by Trade,
 And my Name, if you like it, is Dennis O'Neal.
 And a ranting, chaunting, drinking, fighting,
 Caring, peering, conjuring, blundering, sky-larking, diabolical
 Dev'l of a Fellow is Dennis O'Neal.
 Arrah Buac' aill lion deoc' for Dennis O'Neal.
 2.

'Twas first at Kilgarvon a stacking of corn,
 That Dennis or dudgeon had words with his Tail.
 So he turned him about, set his Face to the South
 And an East-India Soldier was Dennis O'Neal.
 And a thumping, jumping, shooting, slicing,
 pepperering, leathering, thundering, plundering,
 Crippling, Man killing
 Dev'l of a Fellow was Dennis O'Neal,
 Arrah Buac' aill lion deoc' for Dennis O'Neal.
 3.

Since the time he came over can Dennis declare.
 In fighting or drinking he never turned tail:
 But the best of your Blacks, he has made shew their backs,
 And as fast as he could, followed Dennis O'Neal.
 Over Hedge and Heath, & Ditch & Dam,
 At Mangalore, Ganganore, Travencore, Cudjapore
 What's the name, Burn the Name, it's all the same,
 There in the Thicket was Dennis O'Neal
 Arrah Buac' aill lion deoc' for Dennis O'Neal.

4. Tippoo take it from Dennis he speaks to your face,
 'Tis 'n't in your Black looks to make ~~him~~ turn pale;
 But a sword in his hand, I'll die like a champion,
 But you won't make a feely of Dennis O'Neal.
 With your jumping, lunging, grinning, mouthing,
 blotted headed, thick headed, braver nos'd, copper fac'd,
 Ill looking Thief, who made you a Cheep
 I wish for your sake, I had an Oak Stake
 For a Dev'l of a Fellow is Dennis O'Neal,
 Arrah Buac' aill lion deoc' for Dennis O'Neal.

The Drummer.

Dapper Ned Tattoo is my natty name,
 For a roll or a Trevally.
 Among the girls loud sounds my name:
 When I my Quarters rally.
 For with Pipe & drum, I smyking come
 Leer, cock my Hat, swear & tell that
 Nor ever dread, a broken head,
 Where the cause of stripes a Proxy:
 But as for Wars, And Wounds & Scars
 And fighting goes I shun it & blow.
 I'd rather fight by Proxy.
 When Chiefs and Travates mingled lie
 In Baggage Wagon perched up I,
 Stand umpire at a Distance.

And with Fife & Drum, I smirking come,
 'Mongst Soldiers Wives, who lead merry lives,
 Not ever dread, a broken Head,
 Where the Cause of Stripes a Doxy:
 Let their Husbands go, & 'gainst the Foe,
 Gain Glory's Scars, in Honors Wars,
 I'd rather fight by Proxy.

Yet think I am not renowned,
 In Foreign Wars and civil,
 Why Sir when safe at home & bound?
 'Tis wounds! I could fight the Devil!
 And with fife & drum, ban smirking come,
 And cock my Hat. See, I tell that,
 Nor ever dread, a broken Head,
 Where the Cause of Stripes a doxy:
 Let others go, And 'gainst the Foe,
 Gain Glory's Scars, in Honors wars,
 I'd rather fight by Proxy.

Thus through the world I make a noise
 Where e'er I'm a sojourner
 The mighty wonders and surprise of:
 Of every chimney corner.
 Where with fife & drum, I smirking come,
 And rap out rounds, & talk of wounds,
 Nor ever dread, a broken Head,

Where the Cause of Stripes a doxy:
 They're fools who go, And 'gainst the Foe
 In Glorious wars, Gain Honors Scars,
 I'm wise and fight by Proxy.

Swixxy.

If bold and brave, thou canst not bear,
 Thyself from all thou lovest to tear;
 If while winds, war, and billows roll,
 A spark of fear invades thy soul.
 If thou'rt appall'd when Canons roar,
 I prithee Miss-mate stay on shore.

There like a lubber,
 Whine and blubber;
 Still for thy ease and safety busy
 Never dare to come
 Where honest Tom,
 And Ned & Nick, & Ben & Phil
 And Jack & Mick, & Bob & Bill,

All weathers sing and drink the swixxy
 If shouldst thou lose a limb in fight
 She who made up thy hearty delight.
 Poor recompense, that thou art kind
 Shall prove in constant as the wind:
 If such hard fortune thou deplore
 I prithee Miss-mate, stay on shore,
 There be I

If Prisoner in a Foreign Land,
 No friends, no money, lost command
 That man thou trustedst last alone
 All knowledge of thee should disown.
 If this should vex thee to the core,
 I prithee, my mate, stay on shore.
 There be.

1.
 Swag in the Good Ship Rover
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years and over
 I ne'er touch'd British ground.
 At last in England landed,
 I left the roaring main.
 Found all relations stranded
 And went to Sea again.

2.
 That time bound strait to Portugal
 Right soon and aft we bore;
 And when we made Cape Ortugal
 A Gale blew off the shore.
 She lay, so did it shock her,
 A Log upon the Main.
 Tell said from Davy's Locker
 We put to Sea again.

3.
 Next in a Frigate sailing
 Upon a squally night
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight.
 My precious Limb was lopp'd off,
 I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 And went to Sea again.

4.
 Yet still am I enabled,
 To bring up in Life's war;
 Although I'm quite disabled,
 And lie in Greenwich Tier!
 The King, God bless his Royalty!
 Who sav'd me from the main
 All praise with Love & Loyalty
 But ne'er to Sea again.

Sly old Hodge.
 Curtis was old Hodge's Wife
 For Virtue none was ever such
 She led so pure and chaste a Life:
 Hodge, said 'twas Virtue over much.
 For says sly old Hodge, says he,
 For says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least I've seen.

2
Curtis said if men were rude
She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair
But Hodge, I believe thou'rt wondrous good,
However let us nothing swear.

For says he

3
One night she dreamt a drunken fool
He rude with her, in spite would fair;
She makes no more, but, with joint fool
Falls on her husband might & main.

For says he

4
By that time she had broke his nose
Hodge made shift to wake his wife
Dear Hodge, said she, judge by these blows
I prize my virtue as my life.

For says he

5
I dreamt a rude man on me fell
However I his project marr'd;
Dear wife cried, Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
But next time don't hit quite so hard.

For says he

6
At break of day Hodge cross'd a stile
Near to a field of new mown hay
And saw and curst his Stag the while,
Curtis and Rumps in amorous play,
Was it I right, says Hodge, says he
Great talkers do the least eyes see.

7
Hark, hark from the Woodlands, the loud swelling horn,
Invites to the Sports of the Chase
How ruddy, how bright, how cheerful's the Morn,
How health & blooming each face. ∴
To the Grove with Diana I'll hasten away
Not lose the delights of the Morn,
The hounds are all out, hark, hark forward away
While Echo replies to the Horn,
Replies, replies, replies
While Echo replies to the Horn.

8
Our Innocent pastime each Virgin may share
And the Censure of Envy defy
While Cupid soon follows with grief & despair
The blessings of Youth can destroy. ∴
To the Grove with Diana &c.

3.

9
Gay health still attend on the Sports of the field
O'er Mountain & Valley we go,
The joys of the Chase, health & pleasure can yield
No wishes beyond it we know. ∴
To the Grove with Diana &c.

2. Ma Belle Coquette.

Ma belle Coquette, ah, why disdain
To hear my faithful sighs,
With cold neglect why seek to pain,
The heart that for thee dies.
Those Eyes where all the graces play
Where all the Loves are met
In pity cease to turn away
From me ma Belle Coquette.

Tho' foppings flutter round thee Love
To share thy envious smiles;
Their empty Vows be far above
And spurn their Spacious Viles.
To virtue train'd, ah! let thine heart
Delusive Joys forget;
And real captures deign to impart
To me ma belle Coquette.

The Beauties form th' expansive mind
In thee their Influence blend;
And to thy Lovers ardour bind
Th' affection of the Friend.
My Cause may Love & Friendship plead
And Fate propitious let,
Thy heart bestow its generous mead
On me ma Belle Coquette.

Those pleasures which from folly flow
With Indignation leave;
And teach thy youthful heart to know
They please but to deceive.

Then bless sweet maid these faithful arms
And fashions Lures forget
To enjoy retirements mental charms
With me ma belle Coquette.

1.

Your Mountain Jack, your Frontinac
To day & twenty more, Sir;
Your Sherry & Perry that make men merry
Are Deities I adore, Sir;
And well may Port
Our praise extort,
Where from his Palace forth he comes
And glucks & gurgles, fumes & foams.

2.

The Briton, Sir John Barley-corn,
Stands highly in my favour;
His mantling head may well adorn
His valour & his flavour.
Nay, Cyder - an
Is a potent Man
When from his Palace forth he comes
And glucks & gurgles, fumes & foams.

24.

3.
 Madeira Monarch, him I sing?
 And old Hook! to another!
 Champagne is my most Christian thing
 And Burgundy his brother,
 Bold Bourdeaux, too,
 Shall have his due,
 When from his palace forth he comes!
 And glucks & gurgles! fumes & foams!

4.

Old Rym, Arrack, & Cognac
 Are known for Men of might, Sir;
 Nor shall Sir Florence Flasket lack
 A place among my Knights, Sir:
 Don Catawallo

Is a noble fellow,
 When from his palace forth he comes
 And glucks & gurgles! fumes & foams.

5.

If singly thus, each champion may
 So many Laurels gather,
 Gods! what a glorious congress they,
 When all are met together,
 When high in state
 Each potentate
 Forth from his spacious palace comes!
 And glucks & gurgles! fumes & foams!

The neglected Tar.

235.

I sing the British Seaman's praise
 A Theme renowned in story;
 It well deserves more polished lays;
 O 'tis your boast and glory.
 When mad-brain'd war spreads death around
 By them you are protected;
 But when in peace the nation's found,
 These bulwarks are neglected.

Chorus.

Then, Oh! protect the hardy Tar,
 Be mindful of his merit,
 And when again you're plung'd in war
 He'll shew this daring spirit.

2.

When thickest darkness covers all
 Far on the trackless Ocean.
 When lightning's dart, when thunders roll,
 And all is wild commotion;
 When in the bark the white-top'd waves,
 With boisterous sweep are rolling.
 Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
 Unstartled amidst the howling.
 Then, Oh! protect &c.
 When deep immers'd in sulphurous smoke
 He feels a glowing shower
 He loads his Gun — he cracks his joke,
 Elated beyond measure.

3. Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck
Should lifeless trunks appear;
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then, Oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on Southern breeze,
Where scorching beams assail him;
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food & water fail him.
Then oft he dreams of Britain's Shore
Where plenty still is reigning;
They call the watch — his nation's air
He sighs — but scorns complaining
Then, Oh! protect &c.

5.
Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by Rodney's Greenland post,
True courage still attends him:
No Climate can this eradicate.
He glories in annoyance;
He braves the storms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then, Oh! protect &c.

Why should the Man who knows no fear
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the Pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected.
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him disregarded?
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, Are Tars rewarded?
Then, Oh! protect &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe;
In peace, then, would you starve them?
What say ye, Britain's Song? Oh! no!
Protect them & preserve them:
Shield them from Poverty & Pain,
'Tis policy to do it.
Or when grim war shall come again;
Oh, Britons, ye may rue it!
Then, Oh! protect &c.

I'd think on thee my Love. C. by Hook.

1.
In Storms when Clouds obscure the Sky
And Thunders roll & lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms
I think my Sally on thy Charms.
The troubled main, The wind & rain
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm, should Seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my Love.

2.
When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide
In varied Shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my Bosom Cheere;
The troubled Main &c.

3.
But should the gracious powers be kind,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more
Safe to my long - lost native Shore;
No more the main, I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee, should happy be
And think on nought but Love.

I've Lost my Heart to Teddy. C. by Hook.

1.
Young Teddy was an Irish Lad
So blithe, so tight so merry,
And when in Scarlet Beaver clad
The Pride of Londonderry;
Then Teddy shun the War for me
Oh Morah be but steady
But arrah! now it cannot be
I've lost my heart to Teddy. O!

2.
When first we met 'twould make you laugh
We look'd so at each other,
But Cupid play'd too sure by half
My heart was in a dother;
Ted seized my hand and stole a kiss
Indeed said I, already,
Then forc'd a frown, but 'twas amiss
I'd lost my heart to Teddy.

3.
Whenever the Creature meets me now
His Love when shall we marry,
I'm half inclin'd to keep my soon
And that is not to Larry;
O! 'tis so sweet to join the knot
And Hymens always ready,
A Husband is — what is he not
I've lost my Heart to Teddy.

240. Diddens Tantiwy. (in his Theatricals)
Let Sons of sloth dream time away
Regardless what may follow,
And rail at us who make the day,
With horn and hound & hollow;
We their pursuits should find the same,
To their Secrets were we privy;
Each Man, to hunt some favorite game,
Through Life goes on Tantiwy.

2.
The Bookworm haunts the ancient Schools
And walks with Aristotle;
Black-Legs & Ladies hunt for fools;
The Paper hunts his Bottle.
Thus should we find, whatever the name
To their Secrets were we privy.
Mankind to hunt &c.

3.
When Doctors come in at the Death
For true-bred hunters there are,
The Patient cries, with his last breath
Et tu brute, then fall Caesar.
Thus we with safety might proclaim,
To their secrets were we privy
Mankind to hunt &c.

241.
The Misanthrope hunts out for woes,
Muck-worms are gold pursuing,
While neck and nothing as he goes,
The spendthrift hunts his ruin.
Thus should we find, be it wealth or fame
To their Secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt &c.

5.
Bold Fars for Honour hunt the wind
Outrageous Saints hunt Sinners,
While with round belly capon tinn'd,
Fat Aldermen hunt Quinners.
Thus should we find men's views the same
To their Secrets were we privy.
All, All to hunt, &c.

6.
Fame Courtiers hunt from place to place,
Rakes hunt new sets of lectures,
While generous hearts urge on the Chase
To relieve their fellow creatures.
Let us, while to our Actigns averse,
Regardless who are privy,
In Chase of Pleasure, as fair Game,
Through Life goes on Tantiwy.

242. To Mirth I dedicate my Song^d.

To Mirth I dedicate my Song
Come Momus to my Aid,
And lead the laughing hours along
Of no dull thoughts afraid. :/:

Chorus.
Smiling, Joking, Tipling, Smoaking
Let the jolly Moments pass,
Swile round the Cheerful Glass. :/:

2.
Dull Spleen and Envy I defy
They Care, shall ne'er impart
Thus blest with good Companions I
The Bottle view, or Quart
Smiling, Joking &c.

3.
Then fill my Friends a bumper high,
Let Jollity abound,
Tis thus alone we Careless defy
In Wine true Joy is found.
Smiling, Joking &c.

Set us drive away Cares. 243.

1.
Set us drive away Cares
For the Scripture declares,
We should never have thought for to Morrow,
But without a delay
Seize what comes with the day
For who knows but the next might bring sorrow
Come then fill it around
Till we fall to the ground. :/:

2.
Old claret all sadness will bury
And the spirit divine
Twind Water with Wine
At a Marriage to make the Fest Merry.

3.
Honest Paul recommends
Good Old wine to his Friends
Sage Noah got drunk with this Liquor.
Experience will prove
That it strengthens young Lovers
From his Majesty down to the Vicar.
Chorus.

Come then fill it around
Till we fall to the ground, &c.

Poor old Muggins the Clerk
 Of Life has not a spark
 'Till rous'd by a gill of good Brandy
 Then he sings well his part
 And prays from his heart
 The Parson's convinced he's the Dandy.
 Chorus.
 Come then fill it around
 While we're yet above ground,
 Good Brandy will make our hearts merry
 And the Spirit divine
 Twin'd Water with Wine,
 At a Marriage to make the fest Merry.

America, Commerce & Freedom.

How blest the Life a Sailor Leads
 From Chime to chime still ranging
 For as the Calm the Storm succeeds
 The Scene delights by changing.
 When Tempests howl along the Main
 Some object will remind us
 And cheer with Hopes to meet again
 The Friends we left behind us.

For under Jugs sail, - We laugh at the Gale;
 And, tho' Landmen look pale never need
 But top off the Glass - To a favorite Laps
 To America, Commerce & Freedom.

2. In sight of Land
 Or safe in Port rejoicing,
 Our ship we moor, our Sails we hand
 Whilst out the Boat is hoisting;
 With cheerful hearts, the Shore we reach;
 Our friends delighted greet us,
 And tripping lightly o'er the Beach
 The pretty Lasses meet us:
 Chorus.

When the full flowing Bowl - Enlivening the Soul,
 To foot it, we merrily lead Tern;
 And each bonny Laps - Will drink of her Glass.
 To America, Commerce & Freedom.

3.

Our Prices sold, the Chink we share,
 And gladly we receive it;
 And when we meet a Brother Tar
 That wants, we freely give it.

No free born Sailor yet had store
But cheerfully would lend it;
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more,
We earn it, but to spend it,

Chorus.

Then drink round my Boys, 'Tis the first of our joys,
To relieve the distressed, clothe & feed 'em;
'Tis a duty we share - With the brave & the fair,
In this Land of Commerce & Freedom.

The Chimney Sweeper,

Tho' late and early I do pad
A bawling sweep soot ho
Yet still am I as blithe a Lad
As e'er you'd wish to know.
And when the Ladies fine I hear
Cry, take care of the sweep,
Ladies says I, you need not fear
But I'm for them too deep.
For I gives 'em a smut, Off my bag full of soot
They cry curse you mind how you go
Dear me Ma'am says I, It was just brushing by
And I'm off with my sweep soot ho.
2.

And when disguis'd I meet the devil
I love to have some fun,

A Lawyer I mean, the greatest evil
That thrives beneath the Sun.
For sure we both beyond all doubt
Are to the Devil a kind,
The difference is, I'm black without
The Lawyer black within.
I gives him a sheet, Off my bag full of soot
He gives damme mind how you go,
O dear Sir! says I, pray, keep out of the way,
And I'm off with my sweep soot ho.

3.

Your flashy folks dress fine and gay
As thro' the streets I go,
All in an instant clear the way
At sound of sweep soot ho.
And thus I gammons all the folks
I care not great or small
I laughs, I scrips, I cracks my 'bokie's;
And something says to all,
For I gives 'em a smut
Off my bag - full of soot
They cry prethee mind how you go
O dear Sir! says I
It was just brushing by
And I'm off with my sweep soot ho.

No good without an Exception.

The world's a good ting, ah how sweet & delicious
The bliss and delight it contains
Dev't a pleasure but Joy, fortune crams in our dishes
Except a few torments and pains.

Then 'tines a good ting the dear drunk's so inviting
Where each Toper each care sweetly drowns
Where our friends, we so Cherish so Love & delight in
Except, when we're Cracking their Crowing.

Sing diddleros Whack, take the good with the bad
So put round the Claret & Sherry
If the cares of this world did not make us so sad
I would be easy enough to be merry.

Fait a Wife's a good ting, sure to charm & content ye
To Cherish & Love you she's born;
Showing Joys on your brow like the goddess of plenty
So sweet, just excepting the Horn!

Arrah fait the dear Law a nice good ting to trust in,
Just your all, to its mercy devote
You'll be sure to get bed, board & cloathing from Justice
Except when she strips off your Coat.

En't a place a good ting, where the leaves & the fishes
So neatly are loaded about,
Where you turn, when you're in, till you get all your wish
Except when they're turning you out.

Is not fame a good ting, ah her trump sounds is glorious
And so sings forth the deeds of the brave!
Nothing hinders their living long, great & notorious
Except that they're sung in the Grave.

Then a friend's a good ting: ah he soothes all your sorrows
He softens each care of your Life
And nothing, kind soul, in return ever borrow
Except just your Purse or your Wife.
By Comparison then since each good ting's a treasure
As the foil shows the Diamond's true glow
Let us, in this Life, cherish only the pleasure,
Except when we're tasting the Law.

Sing diddleros &c.
a new song.
Composed by Bradford, sung July 4th 93.

When exil'd Freedom, forc'd to roam
Sought Refuge on Columbia's Shores,
The lovely wand'rer found a home,
And this the Day that made her ours.

Hail Columbia! Columbia hail! to thee
The praise is due, that Man is free.

In her defence, the Patriot Crowd
Rush'd to the field & crown'd on Death,
They

250.

They seal'd her Triumphs with her blood
And hail'd her with their dying breath.

Hail, Columbia! be.

'Twas not Columbia's cause alone
At stake the rights of Mankind lay;
That Cause shall distant Nations burn
And hail, with joy this festive day.
Hail, Columbia! be.

'Tis the World's day-star, & shall last
'Till Slavery's shadow be with drawn;
And lo! that night is almost past
And Europe's Day begins to dawn.
Hail! Columbia! be.

5.

Soon bright will be its noon tide ray!
When Universal Freedom reigns,
When not a Despot clouds the day
And not a Slave on Earth remains.
Hail! Columbia! be.

Man kind shall ne'er this day forget
Its brave Defenders worth shall own;
Shall love the Memory of Fayette,
And shout the name of Washington.
Chorus.

Hail Columbia! Columbia hail! to thee
The praise is due, that Man is free.

New Song. Composed by Charles Smith Esq. 251.
For the 4th of July 94.

Hail! Sons of Freedom! Hail the Day,
That gave a Patriot Nation birth!
Swell the loud Clarion, tune the Lyre;
O let th' immortal sound go forth!
Driven by Oppression's cruel hand,
From Britain's Isle fair Freedom came;
She sought Columbia's happy Land
And here she raised her hallow'd Name.
Then swell the Voice strain!
Let every breast beat high!

The Lyre attune
In songs of joy
To Liberty's Name
We've tun'd the Lyre;
We sing with joy
To Liberty's Name!

Ye Heroes bring the Laurel wreath:
Heroes! your brows in triumph crown!
Won by the sword in fields of Death,
Fair Freedom, Heroes, is your own!
No Tyrant's threats can e'er alarm
A Land where sacred Freedom reigns,
Each Breast is steel'd, - nor'd every thrall,
To burst Oppression's galling Chains.
Then swell the Voice strain!
Let every Breast beat high
Let

When Victory crown'd the Warriors brow
 And Fate pronounc'd Let Man be free! —
 Loud was the blast Fame's Trumpet blow!
 Earth's nations heard the great decree.
 Gallia, transported caught the sound;
 Gallia, for ages past enthral'd;
 She summon'd all her children round
 And Millions rose when Freedom call'd!

Chorus
 Frenchmen undaunted be! —
 The voice of Freedom hear:
 Now grasp the sword
 And scorn to fear,
 But dare to be free.
 They've grasp'd the sword,
 They scorn'd all fear;
 Frenchmen shall be free! —

Monarchs combin'd, in vain agree
 To force for France, Oppressions Chango:
 Heroes determin'd to be free
 A race of Warriors France contains! —
 What tho' they pour the purple flood?
 Freedom demands the sacrifice.
 What, tho' their fields are stain'd with blood?
 They Triumph o'er their Enemies! —

Frenchmen, undaunted be!
 The voice of Freedom hear:
 Now grasp the sword.
 Disdain to fear,
 But dare to be free.
 They grasp the sword,
 They scorn all fear;
 Frenchmen shall be free!

O'er Asia's Realms, & Africa's Sands,
 From pole to pole, where Man is known;
 May Liberty, with giant hands,
 Tumble each Tyrant from his Throne!
 Britannia too, shall rise again;
 Quick Britons, strike! — your Country gave;
 Like France reclaim the rights of Man;
 Freedom will smile upon the brave! —

Britons once more be brave!
 Remember Runnede!
 In days of Old
 Your sires could bleed,
 For their Country to save!
 Haste! grasp the sword,
 Fear not to bleed,
 Your Country, to save! —

Patriots, who bleed for Liberty,
 Shall live in the Triumphant song. —
 The Patriots' name shall never die,
 While time shall roll his wheels along!
 Then Heroes! Celebrate the Day,
 The day that made Columbia free. —
 Where'er the sun shall dart his Ray
 May Temples rise to Liberty! —

O Celebrate the day,
 That made Columbia free.
 Raise the loud Song,
 The Festive Lay
 To blest Liberty!
 We raise the Song
 The Festive Lay
 To blest Liberty.

The Stage Play of Human Life. (Evening Brush)

Our immortal poet's page, Tells us all the world's a stage,
And that Men with all their airs, are nothing more than players,
Each using skill & art, In his turn to top his part.

All to fill up this Farcical Scene O!
Enter here, Exit there, stand in view, mind your cue
Heigh down, ho down, derry derry down

All to fill up this Farcical Scene O! —
First the Infant in the Crib, Muling puling with his pap,
Like the Chicken that we truss, Is swaddled by his nurse,
Who to please the puppet tripe, As he giggles & he cries.

All to fill up this Farcical Scene O!
Hushaby, Wipe an eye, Kisser pretty, Suckee Fitty
Heigh down, ho down &c.

Then the pretty Babe of grace, with his shining morning face,
And his satchel on his back, To school alas! must pack,
But like a snail he creeps. And for bloody Monday weeps.

All to fill up this Farcical Scene O!
Book mislaid, Truant play'd, Rob in pickle, Burn to tickle,
Heigh down, ho down &c.

Then the Lover next appears, Lous'd over head & ears
Like a Lobster on the fire, Sighing ready to expire,
And a deep hole in his heart, You may this it drive a cart,

All to fill up this Farcical Scene O! —
Beauty repurns him, Passion burns him,
Like a Merriard, Juts and ginnards
Heigh down, ho down &c.

Then the Soldier ripe for plunder, Breathing slaughter, blood & thunder,
Lord at what a rate he runs, About durns & swordy durns,
And talks of streaming veins, Shatter'd limbs & scatter'd brains

All to fill up this farcical Scene O!
What goes he thrash'd, And cut & slash'd,
And here he pop'd 'em there he drop'd 'em,
Heigh down &c.

Then the Justice in his Chair, with his broad & vacant stare,
His wig of formal cut, & Belly like a butt,
Well linn'd with turtle hash, Callipsee & Callipash
All to fill up this Farcical Scene O!
Baw'd & Trull, Pimp & Quill, At his nod, go to quod
Heigh down &c.

Then the Slipper'd pantaloon, In Life's dull afternoon
Shrunk shank in youthful hose, & spectacles on nose,
His voice once big & round, Now whistling in the sound

All to fill up this Farcical Scene O!
Vigour spent, Body bent, shaking noodle, widdle, waddle,
Heigh down &c.

8.

Then at last, to end the play, second childhood leads the way,
When like sheep that take the rot, All our senses go to pot,
And then Death amongst us creeps, & so down the curtain drops

All to fill up this Farcical Scene O!
Then the coffin, We move off in, While the bell,
Rings the knell.

Of high blow down into the cold ground
All to fill up this Farcical Scene O! —

Life's like a Ship in constant Motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low;
 Where every one must brave the Ocean,
 Whatsoever wind may blow;
 If unopail'd by squall or Shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales;
 Let's not lose the fair wing now,
 While success attends our Sails.
 Or if the wayward winds should bluster
 Let us not give way to fear,
 But let us all our patience muster
 And learn from Reason how to steer.
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,
 'Tis a ballast never fails,
 Should dangers rise be ever ready
 To manage well the swelling Sails.

Trust not too much your own Opinion,
 While your Vessels' under Sail,
 Let good example bear dominion
 That's a Compass will not fail;
 When thundering tempests make you shudder,
 Or Borgas on the surface rails,
 Let good discretion guide the rudder
 And Providence attend the Sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
 In some wellcome Port or Bay,
 Hope be the Anchor you confide in,
 And ease awhile enlumber'd Lay;

Or when each Vane's with Lippis flowing ²⁵⁷
 And good Fellowship prebails
 Let each true heart with rapture glowing
 Drink success unto our Sails.

Death or Victory

Hark the din of distant war,
 How noble is the clangor,
 Pale death ascends his Ebony car
 Glad in terrific anger.
 A doubtful fate the Soldier tries
 Who joins the gallant quarrel.
 Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
 No wife no friend to close his eyes,
 Though nobly mournd, perhaps reburnd,
 He's crown'd with victor's Laurel.

How many who, disdaining fear
 Rush on the desperate duty,
 Shall claim the tribute of the tear,
 That dims the eye of Beauty?
 A doubtful fate the Soldier tries,
 Who joins the gallant quarrel, &c.
 What noble fate can fortune give
 Renown shall tell our story,
 If we should fall, but if we live
 We live our Country's glory.
 'Tis true a doubtful fate he tries
 Who joins the gallant quarrel, &c.

Washington.

To Earth's utmost verge tho' Bellona is heard,
And the Snakes of Cocytus all hissing are heard,
Say, how can the smallest distrust ever be shown
To him, who, in change for your hearts, gave his own.

Chorus.
Then be firm to your choice, on his prudence depend
With mutual alliancs, We bid ~~them~~ ^{all} defiance,
The blessings he gain'd, he'll forever defend.

2.
Ye Sons of Columbia, 'tis yours to preserve
The laurels you've gain'd, & so richly deserve,
Let no Machiavellian, that enters your Land
Dare whisper a word 'gainst your chief in command.

3. But be firm.
May each child of Freedom, this maxim inspire
To cherish the Liberty, gain'd by his Sire;
But spleen and invective forever disclaim
And while you are Patriots, remember you're Men.

1.
Like the Pines in our forests, majestic we rise
Dispel each loud blast, each rude tempest dispise;
But enfeebled by Sap, wither if unsound,
Self destroyed, self neglected, you fall to the ground.

But be firm.

3
Let Foreigners Coast, & of Liberty prate
This Nymph of the Mountain there revels in state.
Here long will we dwell, & her votaries increase
While we dance round the standard of Justice
& Peace.

But be firm.
Rights of Man.

God save the Rights of Man, Give him a heart to scan,
Blessings so dear.
Let them be spread around, Wherever Man is found
And with a welcome sound, Reveal his ear.

2.
See, how the Universe, Darkness & clouds disperse,
Mankind awake;
Reason & truth appear, Freedom advances near
Monarchs with tremble fear, See how they quake.

3.
Long have we bore the yoke, sore have we felt the stroke
Sluggish and tame:
But now a Light roars, And a loud Note he pours
Spreading to distant shores, Liberty's Fame.

1.
Let us with France agree, And bid the world be free,
Leading the way;
Let Tyrants all conspire, fearless of Sword & Fire
Freedom shall ne'er retire - Freedom shall sway.

Oh! the Germanic Powers By Indignation lowly,
 Ready to fall;
 Let the rude savage host, In their long numbers boast
 Freedom's all-mighty Host, Laugh at them all.

Godlike and great the Strife - Life will indeed be life,
 Should we prevail:

Death in so just a Cause, Grows us with loud applause
 Freed from tyrannic Law, Bids us all hail.

Fame let thy trumpet sound, Fill all the world around
 Tell each degree;

Tell Ribbons, Crowns, Stars, Kings, Tractors, Troops, & Wars
 Plang, Counsel, Plots and Jars - Frenchmen are free.

God gave the Rights of Man, Give them a heart to scan
 Blessings so dear.
 Let them be spread around, Wherever Man is found,
 And with a welcome sound, Revel his ear. -

